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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JULY 1918

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Eric Chappelow
Catherine Kirsopp
Emile de Boinod
Ernest Blake

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Mr. Billing's Scheherazade — Editor
The Modern Colossus — James J. Eaton
The World's Battle — Major Stuart-Stephens
The Balance of War is Statesmanship — Austin Harrison
Books

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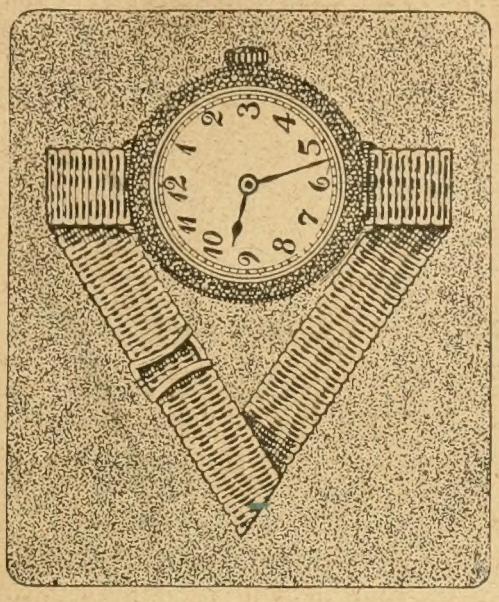

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COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd. Estd 1751.

112 Regent Street London W. 1

Advertisement Supplement

Millinery at Reduced Prices.

¶ Women are no longer followers of fashion—for there is little in fashion to follow. But individuality has to such a large extent changed the lavish fashion habits of the past that we can do very well without change during the war. Everyone now can wear a hat to suit themselves, and at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's at Vere-street and Oxford-street there will be a charming selection of millinery in a variety of styles greatly reduced in price for the annual summer sale which begins on Monday next, July 1st, and lasts for two weeks. A large hat of black tulle with a rather high crown trimmed with saxe blue ribbon and a line of gold thread, finished with a dainty applique posy, is reduced to 39s. 6d. A fascinating hat, obtainable in mauve, pale yellow, and white Georgette, is one of the special sale bargains. A smart hat with Lisere straw crown and lace brim with a band of saxe ribbon round the crown is reduced to 30s.

There are big Tagel hats, in all colours, trimmed with mixed wreaths of flowers, reduced to 35s. For country wear one can get a useful Yedda straw hat in many good colours simply trimmed with a ribbon band and bow at 31s. 9d., and the same thing in a smaller size is 21s. A large variety of felt and Panama hats, suitable for holiday wear, range in price from 15s. 11d. during the sale. There are rush garden hats at a guinea, and a very large selection of children's hats ranging from half a guinea among the special sale bargains.

The Flower of the Pen.

¶ The records of great writers which we treasure to-day have all been written with a pen of sorts, and when one pauses to think of the prodigious length of old books one marvels at the patience of the authors. For pens were not what they are to-day—triumphs of the inventor's skill—easy, self-feeding, smooth running. What would our soldiers think of the quill and the sand box. One wonders how the immortal Pepys got through his voluminous diary. Byron is reputed to have found fault with a gold pen given to him by his headmaster at Harrow. "Tell Dr. Butler," he said, "I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual." Had Byron and Pepys possessed ideal fountain pens they would have shared the delight we experience to-day in rapid and easy caligraphy.

Like a British soldier

Always ready to do its duty with a vim and willingness that makes light of the hardest task. Send one to your friend on Active Service—it's a gift he'll appreciate.

Styles specially recommended for Active Service, being extra strong and large; No. 54 (Self-Filler) **20/-**; No. 44 (Safety) **20/-**

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2; and 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. 1

"For 2,000 Years"

This is the title of a small handbook which has recently been published giving particulars about the Hot Springs of Bath and some information about the various methods of treatment administered at the Baths of Bath.

For 2,000 years the Bath Waters have been restoring health and strength to the sick and suffering. But never in its long history has Bath done more valuable work than during the period of the War.

Wounded and invalided soldiers have derived wonderful benefit from the treatments, freely given by the Corporation to all ranks sent to Bath by the military authorities. This has in no way interfered with the treatment of civilian patients, and the special baths and douches which help to restore nerves worn or shattered by worry and anxiety are now proving particularly useful.

During the Summer Season Bath is particularly enjoyable, and the Cure can be taken with the greatest comfort and benefit.

Bright, cheerful, restful surroundings and good music help the invalid to regain health and provide for the pleasure and entertainment of those who come to Bath only for rest and change.

To many visitors the architectural beauty and historical associations of the city appeal very strongly, while others are attracted by the delightful walks and excursions all around.

The new Booklet, "For 2,000 Years," list of Hotels and Apartments, and all information from JOHN HATTON, Director of Baths, BATH.

The Waterman is one of the most popular pens now on the market. It has many virtues—of which the chief one is reliability. It can be had in great variety in three types—the Lever Pocket Self-Filler, which can be filled in a moment from any ink supply, the Safety which can be carried in any position, and the Regular, which has been regarded as a high standard of pen excellence for over a quarter of a century. Everyone who uses a Waterman Ideal should take care to choose the most suitable nib—a selection may be seen at any stationer's—the variety in each type of Waterman being so large that all tastes should be accommodated both in nibs and pens.

Every Waterman's Ideal is guaranteed and obtainable from jewellers and stationers everywhere or direct from Messrs. L. G. Sloan Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway. The styles specially recommended for active service for the W.A.A.C.'s and the soldiers are No. 14 P.S.F., and No. 14 S., both priced at 20s. and being extra large and strong. The "Lever Pocket Self-filling" and "Safety" Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens are 15s. and upwards—and the Regular half a guinea and upwards.

Sports Coats at Sale Prices.

¶ The increased price and scarcity of wool makes it difficult to buy anything in the way of a sports coat at a reasonable price. It is therefore good news to learn that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore-street will, during the two weeks of their sale, beginning on Monday next, July 1st, offer exceptional bargains in wool sports coats. For instance, there is a lace-stitch alpaca wool in practically every colour with roll collar and sash reduced from 52s. 6d. to 45s. 6d. There are fleecy wool coats—warmer and slightly longer—also finished with a sash reduced from three guineas to 55s. 6d., which can also be had in all colours. A very special reduction is being made in many of Debenham's exclusive models in *crêpe de Chine* and silk stockinette—originally priced from 6½ to 12½ guineas—now to be cleared at £4 each. As there is only one of each kind they will not be sent on approval, so it is well to pay an early visit to the sale. A variety of smart styles in artificial silk—some with sailor collar and sash—are reduced from three guineas to 55s. 6d. There are spun silk rib stitch—straight-fitting coats with small roll collars reduced to three guineas and smart styles for girls reduced to 45s.

Besides sports coats, there is in this department a good selection of wool and silk stockinette coats and skirts, all greatly reduced; and coat frocks, originally priced at 9½ to 12½ guineas, are marked down to three guineas.

A. E. M. B.

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Students of the Social Problem should read

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE THROUGH BANKING REFORM

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Three Nuns Cigarettes

MEDIUM

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Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

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**BERMALINE MILLS,
IBROX, GLASGOW.**

for Free Sample Loaf and address of nearest Bermaline Baker.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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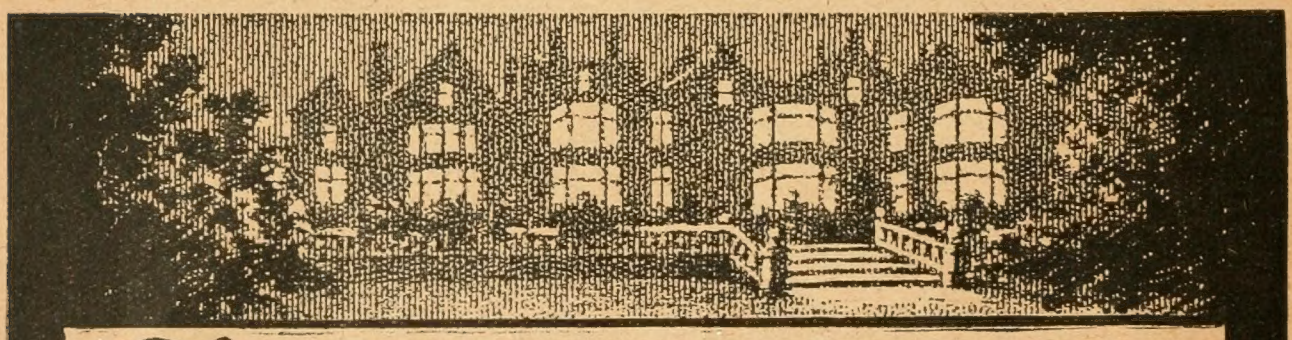

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To "De Reszke" Smokers

This picture, "Miss America Advances—She Goes Up-River With The Silver Badgers," printed in colours on art paper 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 4d. in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 58.

Miss America Advances *Episode VII* *She Goes Up-River With The Silver Badgers.*

"Jolly nice of you to come along Miss America."
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The Aristocrat of Virginias

IT is less than a year ago since Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen blender, recommended his new blend—the "De Reszke" *American*—as "a better Virginia than any other within my experience."

To-day few smokers could be ound who would not readily agree that the "De Reszke" *American* is the unquestioned Aristocrat among Virginia Cigarettes. Its qualities have won the whole-hearted admiration of many notable men and women. The following are a few more of the many favourable opinions received. Others may be seen in other "De Reszke" advertisements.

Senator Marconi:
"Senator Marconi desires to thank you for the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes, which he smoked and found quite excellent."

Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., writes:
"The 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes seem to be very pleasant and mild."

Miss America Advances
VII

The River's aglow
With a glory inviting,
So come let us go—
And forget all the fighting; [ing,
A day on the river! What pleasure's so thrill-
"De Reszkes" to smoke, and a girl not unwilling.

Come punt me through Staines,
Up to Windsor and Eton,
Forget all your pains—
Now we've got a rare treat on; [match it,
A day on the river! What pleasure can
"De Reszkes" to smoke, and a lunch down at Datchet.

And when coming back,
In the glamour of gloaming,
No pleasure we'll lack,
As through Laleham we're homing; [flowing,
A night on the river! the Thames softly
"De Reszkes" to smoke, and the stars faintly glowing!

J. T. W.

¶ *See the personal guarantee of Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen of all blenders, enclosed in every box of "De Reszke"* American *Cigarettes.*

100 for 7/8

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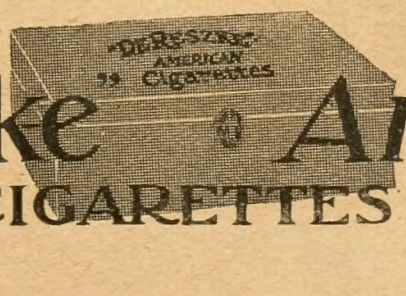

De Reszke American CIGARETTES

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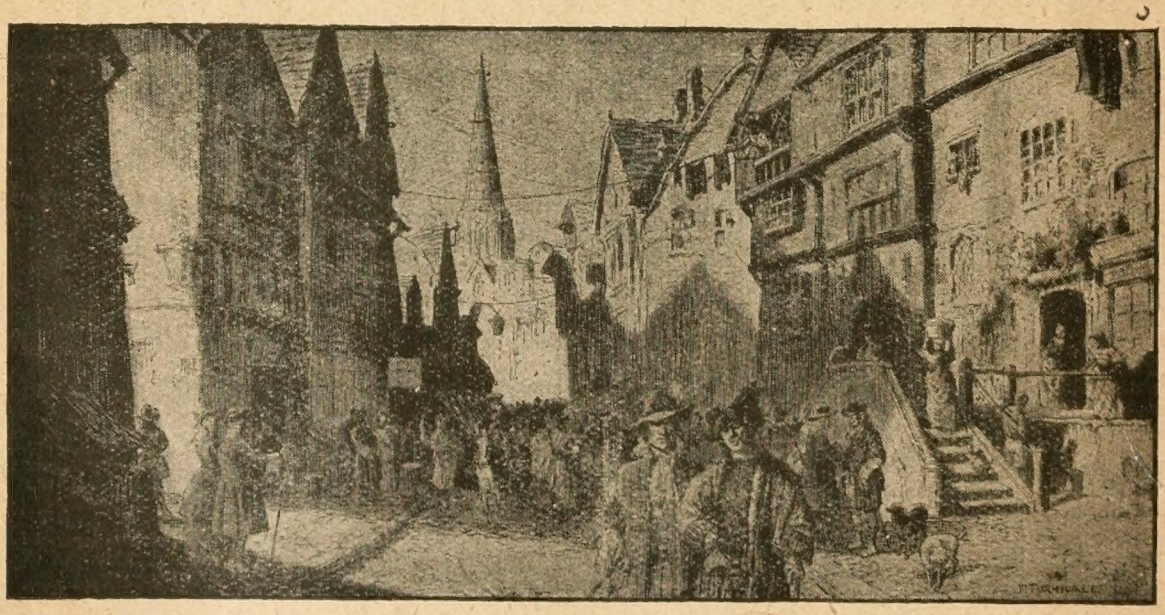

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MILD MEDIUM FULL
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To the MANAGER, THE ENGLISH REVIEW,
19, Garrick Street, London, W.C. 2.

The Advertisements of the House of Pope & Bradley are occasionally irrelevant.

A NIGHTMARE IN MUFTI

BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"THE STANDARD DREAM"

It is an age of Standards.

So the standard war-worker—"unwearied in war-work"—at the first note of the standard Curfew obediently throws herself upon her rationed bed and dreams rationed dreams of her standard lover.

The rest of the story you must work out for yourselves.

BACK from the Wars and in Civil life once more, the Civilian lay in his standard bed, pulled his rationed blanket over his head, and tried to shut out the howlings of the unrationed wind.

Barely, it seemed, had he closed his eyes at Curfew when the standard reveille blew, and climbing hurriedly into his standard clothes he sought the standard communal kitchen for his rationed breakfast. He fumbled for his ration card, and was chilled to his rationed bones as he realised that he had lost it.

Dejectedly he wandered out into the coldest cold and reached the Embankment.

Economical as ever, he stripped off his standard suit and advanced to the edge of the parapet. For a space he stood there, his mind revolving busily, while the wind howled derision at his skinny nudity.

Just as he was about to take the plunge a cold, rough hand held him.

"Your suicide card, please," demanded the Official.

Wearily he turned to his discarded clothes—and found them gone—gone while his bony back was turned.

Rationless for a month! Clotheless for a year! Unable to live! Not permitted to die! he warmly surrendered his shivering frame to the custody of the standard gaoler.

The Civilian awoke and smiled at the memory of his horrible dream, but as he placed his ration ticket in his pocket a thoughtful look came into his eyes.

* * *

The following are Pope & Bradley's current prices. Heaven knows what they will be in the near future. Lounge Suits from £6 6 0, Dinner Suits from £8 8 0, Service Jackets from £5 15 6, Slacks from £2 12 6. New Naval and Military Kit Lists will be forwarded upon application to 14, Old Bond Street, W.1.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1918

The Trenches of Europe

By Stephen Southwold

NOT unto us who digged the long red line
Of death where once was peace, young laughter, flow'rs,
The singing of wild birds, fresh-falling show'rs,
Soft quiet dawns, and eves of golden shine.

Not unto us the harvest: to resign,
Yea, blindly and perplexed, that part was ours
For our sons' heritage; with mortal pow'rs
We wrought as one who dreamed his clay divine.

O grave of hate and love, of doubt and faith;
In the new springtimes of an age unborn
Thou shalt persist when frontier, priest, and king,
Have crashed to common ruin; from thy wraith,
Laughing, our sons shall turn to greet the morn
Of their new world with young-eyed visioning.

To Rupert Brooke

By Eric Chappelow

AH, what avails the sculptured stone?—
Ah, what the emblazoned monument?—
Seeing the fiery spirit is now spent,
The beauty flown—

Seeing no more, wind-kissed and radiant eyed,
A Spirit compact of sunshine and bright air,
The chartered Spring's unbridled challenger,
He swings along the well-loved riverside—

Seeing no more with rapture in his pen
He makes the untroubled beauty of the skies,
The splendour of the fields, earth's harmonies,
A song to ring upon the lips of men—

Seeing—Ah, peace! Who for some vision dies,
Dies in imperial purple royally wound,
Mightier than Kings and more supremely crowned,
Being crowned with his own immortalities.

He is beyond us, beyond time and space,
Immortal, disembodied; bright flung foam
Knows no diviner texture; he is become
A glory brooding o'er the human race.

For now to him the Dawn's slow-opening bars,
Drawn back to usher out the triumphant sun,
Are as many harps; and when the sun is gone,
He is one music with the singing stars,

Playfellow of the Pleiades. O, thou
Plumed splendour, that wast once our brother in song,
How should we mourn, or mourning, mourn thee long
Who hast felt the lips of God upon thy brow?

For now to thee the winds do minister;
Thy steps frequent the opal palaces
Of the translucent moon; and thee no stress
Can ever touch, celestial traveller.

Yet if, in all thy limitless domain,
Amid the pæans of the angelic host,
Viewing the uncertain earth, some sense long-lost
Can come to thee of human joy or pain—

Haply to break upon thy heavenly peace
With memories of thy lone foreign grave,
Piled on no shore that English waters lave—
Content thee well, thy body lies in Greece.

Little Unborn Children

By Catherine Kirsopp

She walks with little unborn children clinging to her hands;
Her eyes are blue with misty dreams that no man understands.

Upon her cheeks, upon her lips their little mouths are pressed,
They live within her dreaming eyes, they sleep upon her breast.

But on their faces woe is writ, and solemn wondering,
They palely peer on her, and say with mournful murmuring—

The man she loved went out to war; he fought and bravely died;
And she who is so beautiful will never be a bride.

O, could he have so bravely gone to fight in far-off lands
If he, like her, had seen their eyes and felt their little hands?

Yet they were near him all the while; they clamoured round his tomb,
Calling that he must come to them, to save them from their doom.

And weepingly they cried, and beat against Love's fast-locked door
When hope had gone, and they were left and lost for evermore.

Because they beat upon her heart she heard the words they cried,
Then with her grief she wove a dream to draw them to her side:

And so they came, with joyless tread, and clung to her dear hands,
And she is dumb with silent grief that no man understands.

To Pan

By Emile de Boinod

Hail, Merry Pan!
Whose joyous pipes can play
To turn the weary from the desert way.
Whose golden melody
Can set the heart quite free
From care,
And everywhere
Reigns joy in heart of man!

The Heritage

By Ernest Blake

Now God be thanked, who gave me sires
  Of sturdy peasant breed,
Warmed by the glow of cottage fires,
  Sprung from good country seed.

They loved this English earth of ours,
  Her fields, her birds and beasts;
Drew through the long laborious hours
  Her spirit from her breasts.

So 'tis their legacy of love
  Unseals Earth's heart to me,
Who in her spirit breathe and move,
  Find sole vitality.

Soldier-Poets (ii)

By T. Sturge Moore

FLOWER-LIKE and shy
You stand, sweet mortal, at the river's brim:
With what unconscious grace
Your limbs to some strange law surrendering
Which lifts you clear of our humanity!

Now would I sacrifice
Your breathing, warmth, and all the strange romance
Of living to a moment! Ere you break
The greater thing than you, I would my eyes
Were basilisk to turn you to a stone.
So should you be the world's inheritance,
And souls of unborn men should draw their breath
From mortal you, immortalised in Death.*

Human beauty, that "greater thing than you," haunts mankind. Its complex attraction maddens not only saints and artists, but every honest heart. To arrest it, to keep it steadily in view, is our greatest need, yet, like the wind, it is here and is gone. Having moved men like a hurricane to prove by devastation that their race or their religion is its chosen vehicle, it will be content to fondle a child with caressing indulgence, turning her self-will "to favour and to prettiness." Generations have sought to mew it in a sentence, to immortalise it as the memory of a man or the record of a god's visit. Some have claimed that only perfect form could express it, while others find eloquent a "visage more marred than that of any man," capable of suffering a greater persecution than any other creature. The notion that this revelation may wholly possess one of ourselves, one who may stand emptied of it, like a vacant house, an hour hence, is old and beautiful. Yes; one lovely moment of a single life may have uttered what millions of completed lives have stammered over unintelligibly. This thought begets that agony of fondness that would entrust the brief perfection of young persons to stone or metal rather than leave it to fading flesh. Elroy Flecker,

* *Gloucestershire Friends*. By Lt. F. W. Harvey. (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd. 2*s*. 6*d*.) Quotations by permission of Mrs. Harvey and of Bishop Frodsham.

a young poet recently dead, rivals the beautiful lines quoted above with a similar invention :—

Had I the power
To Midas given of old
To touch a flower
And leave its petals gold,
I then might touch thy face,
Delightful boy,
And leave a metal grace,
A graven joy.

Thus would I slay—
Ah, desperate device!
The vital day
That trembles in thine eyes,
And let the red lips close
Which sang so well,
And drive away the rose
To leave a shell.

This vivid estimation of human beauty is proof of a deep well of poetic power.

Star of my soul, thou gazest
Upon the starry skies;
I envy Heaven, that watches
Thy face with countless eyes.*

So Plato sang, and still, in spite of astronomy, the worth of this soul-thrilled comeliness can counterbalance the magnitude of stellar regions and remove all terror from the unclouded night. So great a power has human beauty when we are alone with ourselves, and yet few ideas have had less weight in councils of war and parliaments of peace. Commerce has been permitted to oppress and ambition to outrage it to any extent.

But let us return to the poem I first cited. Lieutenant Harvey, who won the D.C.M. as lance-corporal, was allowed by the German authorities to send it and a little volume of others home from the prison-camp at Gütersloh. Many judges would not admit that his poem is a rival to Flecker's, and the last couplet does weaken its effect, but then Flecker weakened his by two stanzas which I have not quoted. Lieutenant Harvey's volume gives proof of a varied and powerful soul, but it peeps at us from a prison of trivial amusement, banal tricks, and rhymes—things that Flecker was all his short poet-life at conscious war with, staving them farther and farther back from his small garden of verse; whereas Harvey hardly seems conscious that they confine and baffle the wings

* Translated by Kenneth Freeman: *Schools of Hellas.*

of his Pegasus. The gleams of pure poetry that flash past the bars of his every-day mentality are not alone passages of felicity, but there are also fine inevitable poem-shapes, marred in execution, not from lack of time to finish; no, a strange, insensitive, surface personality intervenes and "gambols from the matter" in repeating what had been conceived. When I first read his volume I said, "I cannot write about this man," and laid it aside for weeks; then I happened to open it at the lines I have quoted, and immediately began to search for other signs of power in the mass of smart or pretty trifles, and I found a few. He addresses a fallen comrade :—

> Swift-footed, fleeter yet
> Of heart. Swift to forget
> The petty spite that life or men could show you:
> Your last long race is won,
> But beyond the sound of gun
> You laugh and help men onward—if I know you.

but we wonder whether he had himself heard the rhythm of the first three lines when we next read :—

> O still you laugh and walk
> And sing and frankly talk.

A doubt arises even over the second three lines; the fatal influence of a trick of facile rhyming seems already to tame in them the soaring stroke, but with this last couplet we are waddling on ground.

> What is it the breeze says
> In London streets to-day
> Unto the troubled trees
> Whose shadows strew the way,
> Whose leaves are all a flutter?
>
> "You are wild!" the rascal cries,
> The green tree beats its wings
> And fills the air with sighs.
> "Wild! wild!" the rascal sings.
> But your feet are in the gutter!
>
> Men pass beneath the trees
> Walking the pavement grey,
> They hear the whisperings tease
> And at the word he utters
> Their hearts are green and gay.
>
> Then like the gay, green trees,
> They beat proud wings to fly,
> But like the fluttering trees,
> Their footprints mark the gutters
> Until the beggars die.

This poem has great beauty of structure; it follows an inevitable course from outstart to the happy last line. Yet the first line, for the sake of a pat rhyme, is contorted and rendered ambiguous to the ear, and really runs :—

"What is it says the breeze,"

which seems to demand punctuation thus :—

"What is it?" says the breeze,

whereas the sense is as I have amended it. Besides this, the two latter stanzas distinctly fall off in aptness of phrase as compared with the first two.

The poems entitled "Recognition" and "The Little Road" and the first of the two ballades are also not only truly inspired and well designed, but spoilt in similar ways. His interests and sentiments have, perhaps, a wider range than with most of our soldier-poets, and are almost all commendable and endearing, only expression makes the poet, and here the general effect is easy-going and commonplace. No doubt the facility with which he is amused by the first-coming features of his own work and of the world is a sign of youth, and makes his width of range the more promising. It is rare indeed to find in work the general allure of which is so casual lines so just, direct, and impassioned as were the first five I quoted from him, moving with their own movement, uncontrolled by the conventional notions of form which are habitual with their author, and they certainly should set expectancy on tiptoe for what he will produce during the next few years. Every honest heart is at moments maddened by a glimpse of beauty in behaviour or in persons; then their thought suddenly darts upward, as though a robin were possessed by the soul of a lark. Was this such a moment, or are the other poems the tawdry swaddling of a still unconscious master? Ability there is plenty of; his mundane effectiveness may reach the level of Kipling's.

> In general, if you want a man to do a dangerous job :—
> Say, swim the Channel, climb St. Paul's, or break into and rob
> The Bank of England, why, you find his wages must be higher,
> Than if you merely wanted him to light the kitchen fire.
> But in the British Army it's just the other way,
> And the maximum of danger means the minimum of pay.

Perhaps in the future all journalists may be trained to this degree of cunning, and then, before the end of time, they may sicken even the average man with smartness in verse.

Strangest of all, this lover of beauty and this captive of

momentary effect have been once at least fused consciously and inextricably in a single poem, a successful poem:—

THE BUGLER.

God dreamed a man;
Then, having firmly shut
Life like a precious metal in His fist
Withdrew, His labour done. Thus did begin
Our various divinity and sin.
For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
And others—dreaming empires—straightway cut
Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dare to boast
That he is guiltless?) Others coined it: most
Did with it—simply nothing. (Here again
Who cries his innocence?) Yet doth remain
Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.

For me, I do but bear within my hand
(For sake of Him our Lord, now long forsaken)
A simple bugle such as may awaken
With one high morning note a drowsing man:
That wheresoe'er within my motherland
The sound may come, 'twill echo far and wide
Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,
Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

Second thoughts are best, and this seems made entirely of first thoughts, images, attitude, everything, and yet it is inevitably shaped to a whole that is itself throughout. The instinct for form can do so much even with cheap and hackneyed material. In the uncouth, though familiar, garb of crazy common-sense this young soldier stands among the crowd and blows his bugle, half-conscious of the drab disguise, half hoping it will fall, and he find himself naked as Achilles, and why should he not open his eyes and "behold the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire"?

The Spanish Copris *

By Henri Fabre

This Copris is one of the leading Dung-beetles in my part of the country. She manufactures balls or pellets underground, from cattle-droppings which she finds in the fields, and lays her eggs in them. In my glass jars the events hidden from us by the soil are enacted before my eyes. The three or four pills, each with its egg, stand one against another and occupy almost the whole enclosure, leaving only narrow passages. Of the original lump very little remains, at most a few crumbs which come in handy when appetite returns. But appetite does not worry the mother much. She is far more concerned about her egg-cases.

Assiduously she goes from one to the other, feels them, listens to them, touches them up at points where my eye can perceive no flaw. Her clumsy, horn-shod foot, more discerning in darkness than my retina in broad daylight, discovers incipient cracks, or possibly some defective workmanship, which must be attended to so that the air may be prevented from entering and drying up the egg. The prudent mother, therefore, slips in and out of the narrow spaces between the cradles, inspecting them carefully and remedying any accident, no matter how trifling. If I disturb her, she sometimes rubs the tip of her abdomen against the edge of her wing-case, producing a soft, rustling noise, which is almost a murmur of complaint. Thus between scrupulous care and brief slumbers by the side of her group of cradles the mother passes the three months necessary for the evolution of the family.

I seem to catch a glimpse of the reason for this long watch. The pill-rollers, such as the Sacred Beetle, never have more than a single pear, a single ovoid in their burrows. The mass of foodstuff, which at times is rolled from a great distance, is necessarily limited by the insect's own limitations of strength. It is enough for one larva, but not enough for two. An exception must be made with respect to the Wide-necked

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A., 1918, by Dodd, Mead and Co., Inc.

Scarab, who brings up her family very frugally and divides her rolling booty into two modest portions.

The others are obliged to dig a special burrow for each egg. When everything is in order in the new establishment —and this does not take long—they leave the underground vault and go off somewhere else, wherever chance may lead them, to begin their pill-rolling, excavating and egg-laying once more. With these nomad habits, any prolonged supervision on the part of the mother becomes impossible.

The Sacred Beetle suffers by it. Her pear, which is magnificently regular at the outset, soon shows cracks and becomes scaly and swollen. Various cryptogams invade and undermine it; the material expands; and the resultant splitting causes the pear to lose its shape.

The Copris has other methods. She does not roll her stores from a distance; she warehouses them on the spot, bit by bit, which enables her to accumulate in a single burrow enough to satisfy all her brood. As there is no need for further expeditions, the mother stays and keeps watch. Under her never-failing vigilance the pill does not crack, for any crevice is stopped up as soon as it appears; nor does it become covered with parasitic vegetation, for nothing can grow on a soil that is constantly being raked. The two or three dozen ovoids which I have before my eyes all bear witness to the mother's vigilance: not one of them is split or cracked or infested with tiny fungi. In all of them the surface is irreproachable. But if I take them away from the mother to put them into a bottle or tin they suffer the same fate as the Sacred Beetle's pears: in the absence of supervision, destruction, more or less complete, overtakes them.

Two examples will be instructive to us here. I take from a mother two of her three pills and place them in a tin, which saves them from getting dry. Before a week has passed they are covered with a fungous vegetation. More or less everything grows in this fertile soil; the lesser fungi delight in it. To-day it is an infinitesimal crystalline plant swollen into a bobbin shape, bristling with short, dew-beaded hairs and ending in a little round head as black as jet. I have not the leisure to consult books and microscope and give a name to the tiny apparition which attracts my attention for the first time. This botanical detail is of little importance; all that we need know is that the dark green of the pills has disappeared under the thick, white crystalline growth stippled with black specks.

I restore the two pills to the Copris keeping watch over her third. I replace the opaque sheath and leave the insect undisturbed in the dark. In an hour's time or less I look to see how things are getting on. The parasitic vegetation has entirely disappeared, cut down, extirpated to the last stalk. The magnifying-glass fails to reveal a trace of what a little while before was a dense thicket. The insect has used its rake, those notched legs, to some purpose; and the surface of the pill is once more in the unblemished condition necessary for health.

The other experiment is a more serious one. With the point of my penknife I make a gash in a pill, at the upper end, and lay bare the egg. Here we have an artificial breach not unlike those which might be caused naturally, but of much larger size. I give back to the mother the violated cradle, threatened with disaster unless she intervenes. But she does intervene and that quickly, once darkness comes. The ragged edges slit by the penknife are brought together and soldered. The small amount of stuff lost is replaced by scrapings taken from the sides. In a very short time the breach is so well repaired that not a trace remains of my onslaught.

I repeat it, making the danger graver and attacking all four pills with my desecrating penknife, which cuts right through the hatching-chamber and leaves the egg only an incomplete shelter under the gaping roof. The mother's countermove is swift and effective. In one brief spell of work everything is put right again. Yes, I can quite believe that, with this vigilant supervisor, who never sleeps except with one eye open, there is no possibility of the cracks and the puffiness which so often disfigure the Sacred Beetle's pear.

Four pills containing eggs are all that I was able to obtain from one big loaf taken from the burrow at the time of the nuptials. Does this mean that the Copris can lay only that number? I think so. I even believe that usually there are fewer: three, two, or possibly only one. My boarders, installed in separate potfuls of sand at nesting-time, did not reappear on the surface once they had stored away the necessary provisions; they never came out to dip into the replenished stock and enable themselves to increase the always restricted number of egg-cases lying at the bottom of the pot under the mother's watchful care.

This limitation of the family might very well be partly due to lack of space. Three or four pills completely fill the burrow; there is no room for more; and the mother, a stay-at-

home alike from duty and inclination, does not dream of excavating another dwelling. It is true that greater breadth in the one which she has would solve the problem of room; but then a ceiling of excessive length would be liable to collapse. Suppose I were to intervene myself, suppose I provided space without the risk of the roof falling in, could there be an increase in the number of eggs?

Yes, the number is almost doubled. My trick is quite simple. In one of the glass jars I take away her three or four pills from a mother who has just finished the last. None of the cake remains. I substitute for it one of my own making, kneaded with the tip of a paper-knife. A new type of pastry-cook, I do over again very nearly what the insect did at the beginning. Reader, do not smile at my confectionery; science shall give it the odour of sanctity.

My cake is favourably received by the Copris, who sets to work again, starts laying anew and presents me with three of her perfect ovoid pills, making seven in all, the largest number that I obtained in my various attempts of this kind.* A good piece of the bun remains available. The Copris does not utilise it, at least not for nest-building; she eats it. Her ovaries appear to be exhausted. This much is proved: the pillaging of the burrow provides space; and the mother, taking advantage of it, nearly doubles the number of her eggs with the aid of the cake which I make for her.

Under natural conditions, nothing of a similar kind can happen. There is no obliging baker at hand to shape and pat a new cake and slip it into the oven that is the Copris' cellar. Everything, therefore, tells us that the stay-at-home Beetle, who makes up her mind not to reappear until the cool autumn days, is of very limited bearing capacity. Her family consists of three or four at most. Occasionally, in the dog-days, long after laying-time is past, I have even dug up a mother watching over a solitary pill. This one, perhaps for lack of provisions, had reduced her maternal joys to the narrowest limits.

The loaves kneaded with my paper-knife are readily accepted. We will take advantage of this fact to make a few experiments. Instead of the big, substantial cake, I fashion a pill which is a replica in shape and size of the three or four which the mother is guarding after having confided the egg to them. My imitation is a fairly good one. If I were to mix

* In a series of very interesting experiments, undertaken at a later date, Fabre discovered that the Spanish Copris was able to lay as many as thirteen eggs.—A. T. de M.

up the two products, the natural and the artificial, I might easily fail to distinguish between them afterwards. The counterfeit pill is placed in the jar beside the others. The disturbed insect at once hides in a corner under a little sand. I leave it in peace for a couple of days. Then how great is my surprise to find the mother on the top of my pill, digging a cup into it! In the afternoon the egg is laid and the cup closed. I can only tell my pill from those of the Copris by the place which it occupies. I had put it at the extreme right of the group, and at the extreme right I find it, duly operated on by the insect. How could the Beetle know that this ovoid, so like the others in every respect, was untenanted? How did she allow herself unhesitatingly to scoop out the top into a crater when, judging by appearances, there might be an egg just underneath? She takes good care not to do any fresh excavating on the finished pills. What guide leads her to the artificial one, which is extremely deceptive in appearance, and bids her dig into that?

I do it again and yet again. The result is the same: the mother does not confuse her work with mine and takes advantage of the presence of my pill to instal an egg in it. On only one occasion, when her appetite seems suddenly to have returned, did I see her feeding on my loaf. But her discrimination between the tenanted and the untenanted was just as clearly marked here as in the previous instance. Instead of attacking, in her hunger, the pills with eggs, by what miracle of divination does she go, in spite of their exact outward similarity, to the pill which contains nothing?

Can my handiwork be defective? Did the wooden blade not press hard enough to impart the proper consistency? Is there something wrong with the dough as the result of insufficient kneading? These are delicate questions, of which I, who am no expert in this kind of confectionery, am not competent to judge. Let us have recourse to a master of the pastry-cook's art. I borrow from the Sacred Beetle the pill which he is beginning to roll in the vivarium. I choose a small one, of the size affected by the Copris. True, it is round; but the Copris' pills also are not unseldom round, even after receiving the egg. Well, the Sacred Beetle's loaf, that loaf of irreproachable quality kneaded by the king of bread-makers, meets with the same fate as mine. At one time it is provided with an egg, at another it is eaten, while no accident ever happens by mistake to the exactly similar pills kneaded by the Copris.

That the insect, finding itself in this mixed assembly, should rip open what is still inanimate matter and respect what is already a cradle, that it should discriminate between the lawful and the unlawful, in such circumstances as these, seems to me incapable of explanation, if there be no guide but senses resembling our own. It is useless to say that it is a case of sight: the beetle works in absolute darkness. Even if she worked in the light, that would not lessen the difficulty. The shape and appearance of the pill are alike in both instances; the clearest sight would be at fault once the pills were mixed up.

It is impossible to suggest that smell has anything to do with it: the substance of the pill does not vary; it is always sheep-dung. Impossible likewise to say that she is exercising the sense of touch. What delicacy of touch can there be under a coat of horn? Besides, the most exquisite sensitiveness would be required. Even if we admit that the insect's feet, particularly the tarsi, that the palpi, the antennæ, or anything you please, possess a certain faculty for distinguishing between hard and soft, between rough and smooth, round and angular, still our experiment with the Sacred Beetle's sphere warns us to look where we are going. There surely we had the exact equivalent of the Copris' sphere—made of the same materials, kneaded to the same consistency, given the same outline—and yet the Copris makes no mistake.

To drag the sense of taste into the problem would be absurd. There remains that of hearing. Later on I might not deny the possibility of this having something to do with it. When the larva is hatched, the mother, ever attentive, might conceivably hear it nibbling the wall of the cell; but for the present the chamber contains merely an egg; and an egg is always silent.

Then what other means does the mother possess, I will not say of thwarting my machinations—the problem is on a loftier plane; and animals are not endowed with special aptitudes in order to dodge an experimenter's wiles—what other means does she possess of obviating the difficulties attendant upon her normal labours? Do not lose sight of this: she begins by shaping a sphere; and the globular mass often does not differ from the pills that have received the egg, in respect of either form or size.

Nowhere is there peace, not even below ground. When the too timid mother drops off her sphere in a moment of panic and forsakes it to seek refuge elsewhere, how can she after-

wards find her ball again and distinguish it from the others without running the risk of crushing an egg when she is pressing in the top of a pill to make the necessary crater? She needs a safe guide here. What is that guide? I do not know.

I have said it many a time, and I say it again: insects possess sense-faculties of exquisite delicacy attuned to their special trade, faculties of which we can form no conception because we have nothing similar within ourselves. A man blind from birth can have no notion of colour. We are as men blind from birth in the face of the unfathomable mysteries that surround us; and myriads of questions arise to which no answer can ever be given.

The Diary of a Diplomatist

By Edward Garnett

Sept. 6th.—Off to-morrow for a week's holiday Am curious to see Paris again after so long, and am taking Withers, whose knowledge of French is simply invaluable. Shall refuse to transact any official business, but must leave my card, of course, at the *Quai d'Orsay*.

Travelling strictly *incognito*.

Later.—Withers has just shown me a paragraph about my trip, signed *Scrutator*, in *The Sunday Special*. Most annoying.

Sept. 7th.—A calm crossing. No *mal de mer*. Met the Spanish *Chargé d'Affaires* accidentally on the boat. He told me, informally, Spanish opinion much incensed by French treatment of Spanish claims in Morocco, and vexed by *Times* leaders. Is apprehensive lest Germany may make the M.Q. pretext for European conflagration. Reassured him.

We agreed that political morality of Great Powers has never been more cynical. But what can we do?

Mem.—The idea seems gaining ground among lesser Powers that Great Britain has secret commitments to France. Do not understand why.

Met Dr. Daneff accidentally in corridor of the *Rapide*, and assured him, informally, of my profound belief in his Majesty King Ferdinand's unswerving resolution to maintain Balkan peace. Dr. Daneff sees no cloud on the horizon, but is uneasy about Turkey's secret intrigues. Reassured him as to Great Britain's objects.

S. met me at the *Gare du Nord*. Very thoughtful of him. He quite understands my visit is purely for recreation, but suggests informal talk with I——y to-morrow.

Drove to my old quarters.

Mem.—Hope to rub up my French.

Sept. 8th.—Drive in the Bois with young Ponsonby and his friend P., of the General Staff. Reassuring account of

the French army, which they think could account for the German single-handed. Great superiority of the French artillery.

At the *Quai d'Orsay* informal talk with S. and Isvolsky as to possibility of strengthening our Entente. Isvolsky thinks best means would be a strong policy in Persia to counter German intrigues, and put Persian constitutional régime on sure basis. We agreed as to the wisdom of "Festina Lente," and I repeated assurances of our unwavering loyalty to Russia in this and other questions. (*Mem.*—Afraid Schuster must go.) Isvolsky sees no cloud on horizon, but is fearful of effects of Austrian intrigues in the Balkans.

Met in the *Rue de Rivoli* Herr von Tschirschy, who has been summoned to Paris by the grave condition of his aunt, Baronne von Rosen. He walked a little way with me to reassure me about the state of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Joseph's health. He confided that the *Ballplatz* was opposed to secret clauses in the Accord of Potsdam, which strengthened Asiatic Turkey at our expense. Austria counts on Great Britain's pacific influence in Balkan affairs. He sees no cloud on horizon, but has persistent fear lest Russian ambitions should precipitate general European conflagration. Reassured him. Parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

Quiet afternoon. Read *Gyp*, corrected the proofs of new edition of "Fly-fishing," and drafted Memorandum on "The Freedom of the Seas" for Hague Conference. Went to the *Odéon* in evening and was introduced to the Liberian Envoy, who broached subject of British loan. Assured him that Great Britain had Liberia's interests much at heart.

Mem.—Where *is* Liberia?

Sept. 9th.—Received flattering proposal from the Italian Ambassador, who, hearing I was in Paris, called to suggest Italian translation of "Fly-fishing." His Excellency is much disturbed by the Turkish persecution of Italian subjects in Tripoli. It seems that two respectable Italian citizens, a barber and a fruit hawker, were arrested on a mere pretext, and have been subjected since to shameful indignities in Turkish prison. He fears that Italy's prestige in Tripoli is at stake if she does not protect her nationals, and that, against her will, she will be forced to assert her rights on N. African littoral. Sympathised with him, but pointed out danger of general European conflagration through any new menace to

the equilibrium of the Mediterranean. He agreed with me in principle. He deplored with me the undoubted fact that political morality of the Great Powers has never been more cynical. But he asked, "What can we do?"

Visited M. Barboux's shop in the Rue Diderot. Shall try the *cigale bleue* on the Test, but doubt results.

Isvolsky called after dinner with distressing news of deplorable action by Persian Nationalists, who ambushed a *sotnia* of Cossacks peacefully proceeding from Tulfa. Naturally, the Cossacks retaliated. But, unfortunately, in restoring order round Tabritz some regrettable shootings and hangings of high Persian ecclesiastics and other prominent patriots seem to have taken place. The affair is not yet cleared up, but Isvolsky fears our Radical Press may hear of and misconstrue the incident. Reassured him.

Too tired to rub up my French.

Sept. 10*th*.—Reflected over Persian news. Russian temperament generous, but over-impulsive.

Attended the opening by M. Deschanel of the Exhibition of *L'Art Nouveau*. Very striking designs. Met accidentally in the gallery Enver Pasha, who talked enthusiastically of the new era of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity that has dawned for all the races under Turkish rule. I agreed, but made a reference to the Adana massacre. He referred me to his Government's Report, which shows that it was the Christian population who first began to attack and kill the Moslems. The Vali was forced to hand out weapons to the Moslem peasants for their self-defence, with the unfortunate result that thirty thousand Armenians eventually lost their lives. Enver Pasha said his Government is much shocked by news of the hanging of the Persian Nationalists in the Tabritz bazaar—the news of which has just reached Constantinople—and he fears this may lead to a great Pan-Islam agitation throughout the East against Great Britain and her Ally, which, personally, he would deplore. Reassured him. Parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

Bought a curious *objet d'art*, which I shall present to the Newcastle Art Gallery.

Went to tea to the Princess Galitzen. Interesting conversation on Russia's future. Met there the Japanese Ambassador, who complained of the persistent misrepresentation in the European Press of Japan's pacific measures in Korea and

Manchuria. Japan takes very seriously her rôle of torch-bearer of Western civilisation to Eastern races, and expects Europe to applaud her efforts. Agreed with him in principle. But pointed out to him that European Powers look upon themselves as guardians of China's territorial integrity and of the open door. He agreed with me in principle. Spoke very warmly of Mr. Roosevelt's book "Big Game Shooting" and my "Fly-fishing," which, he says, has a great reputation in Japan.

Quiet game of écarté with Ponsonby. Lost 300 francs. Bed.

Sept. 11th.—Met unexpectedly in lift Herr Zimmermann, who was much surprised to see me, as he did not know I was staying in the hotel which he frequently uses. He wishes to introduce me to Prince von B., who, it seems, has just arrived from Berlin in order to see Karsavina in the Russian Ballet. I said nothing would give me greater pleasure, but I suggested that as guest of France I must inform S. and leave to them both to make the informal arrangements. He quite saw the propriety of this, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

Wired official denial to the *Times* that I am in Paris.

Dined with my old friend Harrington at the *Cercle des Sportsmans Internationals*, and met there the Mexican *Chargé d'Affaires*, who deplored the growing anarchy in his country. Was surprised to learn that the rival Mexican Dictators are subsidised by competing groups of American financiers. M. F. is disgusted with politics generally. I invited him to stay a fortnight at my cottage in the New Forest next spring.

Was not at home to the Brazilian Ambassador.

Rubbed up my French.

Sept. 12th.—Attended informally a quiet function at the Société des Amis des Indigènes Opprimés. Moving address.

Had a few words with the Chinese Minister, who spoke most appreciatively of his Japanese colleague's unswerving efforts to safeguard China's territorial integrity. He fears, however, that the task is beyond Japan's powers, and that she finds it difficult to control Japanese financiers, who are secretly subsidising Chinese revolutionists. He suggested tentatively that the Entente Powers, especially Great Britain, should exercise moderating influence on the zeal of the Rising Sun.

Mem.—Must look into this, on my return, with Hopkins.

Met S., who has arranged for informal talk with Z., the Prince, and myself after the Opera.

Had a headache, and went early to bed, after reading French translation of "The Light That Failed."

Sept. 13*th.*—Met Isvolsky at the *Quai d'Orsay*, who ridicules absurd rumour of secret agreement between his Imperial Majesty the Tsar and the German Emperor. We assured him that it had given us much amusement. Afterwards closeted with S., who confirmed truth of report. Agreed only possible course was not to know that Isvolsky knew that we knew he had drawn up the secret agreement. Felt relieved by this solution, but agreed with S. that political morality of Great Powers has never been more cynical. But what can we do?

Sept. 14*th.*—In afternoon interview with Serbian Ambassador, who fears that Great Powers do not sufficiently realise that inflammable material in Balkan States may precipitate general European conflagration. Agreed with him.

To Opera in evening with S. and friends, who fancied Karsavina *un peu fanée* since last season. Agreed with them. Introduced by Z. to Prince von B., who very flatteringly expressed his belief that I was the nation's main hope of averting general European conflagration. After complimenting me on able handling of grave Morocco situation he went on to sketch his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor's suggestions of new Orientation of both the Entente's and the Triple Alliance's policy *re* Balkans and Near East, while safeguarding everybody's interests. Thought the plan brilliant, and only objection to it I could see was complete isolation of Great Britain in European affairs. Thanked the Prince, and replied that I would carefully examine any concrete proposals from Potsdam with S. and Isvolsky. Prince less ingratiating at parting, but left him and Z. with mutual expressions of esteem.

Afterwards discussed Potsdam proposals with S., who said he had that morning rejected proposed secret agreement with Germany *re* Far East.

Sept. 15*th.*—Parted from S. and Isvolsky with mutual expressions of esteem. Painful crossing.

Home.

Neighbours

By Bart Kennedy

THEIR attitude towards each other is often difficult to understand, and difficult especially to define. It is one of the most mysterious and puzzling things in our social life. And the vagaries of this attitude are as hard to follow in one class as they are in another.

It has not been really affected by the war. The antagonisms and the sympathies that it encloses are just as much alive as they ever were. Though the whole of our people suffer in common from the war, there still exist the distinctions and the discriminations. They are as they were—and it looks as if they will be in the future as they are now.

To the one who thinks about this matter blame is as futile as praise. To blame people because they look down upon —or look up to—their neighbours is as idle as to blame them for existing. Human nature must be taken as it is.

Man is as he is, and woman is as she is, and no social theorist—who tells us how beautiful life would be if people were only different from what they are—shall prevail against facts. The philosophy of the philosopher who won't face them isn't worth a button. He is merely a blower of mental bubbles that confuse and distract the vision. He has been a good deal in evidence in the world's life and he has done a good deal of harm.

He is as useful as a mathematician would be who devoted his life to the explaining of the wonderful things that would happen if 2 and 2 made 5.

A great deal of the difference that exists between neighbours comes from an economic cause. People may like each other well enough, but if there be a wide difference between their financial resources neighbourliness becomes an awkward matter. There cannot be the give and take that lies at the root of the idea of entertaining. If people dine you, you must dine them. If people give parties, you must give parties. This principle of give and take exists in all social grades. If a labourer stands another a glass of beer at the village inn, he must be stood one in return.

If you are unable to keep your end up, as the saying goes, it won't be long before you drop out of things. It isn't that your neighbours want you to drop out exactly—but your moving in their particular circle is awkward for you and awk-

ward for them. Indeed, the impulse to drop out will most likely be strong within yourself. And you will be apt to take the initiative in the matter.

It may be as well to remark—in dealing with this side of the question—that nearly all people live up to whatever income they may have. And they are therefore actually not able to give effective help to those who are overtaken by financial disaster, however much they would like to. It takes them all their time to paddle their own canoe. If they tried to help other people they might tip over themselves.

This is so, but naturally it is not often taken account of by the unfortunate people who have had, as it were, to sink out of sight. They feel that they might have been helped by those with whom they mixed. Of course, sometimes they are helped. But as a rule they are not. And they are apt to feel rather bitter.

But the hard fact remains that the people with whom they mixed are, in almost every instance, powerless. They are unable to do anything for them, even if they wished.

I said that the principle of give and take exists in all social grades. But there is perhaps an exception. The exception is in the lowest grade of all. Even here there has, in a way, to be give and take, but it has no direct economic basis.

I speak now of those who live down in the depths of the lowest poverty. One might be apt to think that living as these people live would make for selfishness. But it does not. It makes for *camaraderie* and helpfulness. People share what little they have with each other. Neighbours are really disinterested and friendly. The social life of these people is absolutely ideal. The only thing they expect of you, by way of the give and take principle, is that you should do to others as they do to you.

With these people I include those who live their lives in direct conflict with the law. I mean those who live part of their time in the prisons. And, whilst I am at this point, I may say that all people who live under a common ban develop a powerful, fraternal sense among themselves. They are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, faithful friends of each other, and ideal neighbours.

Actual human nature is more mysterious and wonderful than the fanciful human nature of the theorists. Man seems to show up at his best when he has nothing—when he is down and out.

Perhaps he is not such a bad fellow, after all.

It is an odd thing, but the class that comes nearest to the lowest class of all for real neighbourliness is the highest class of all. Their attitude towards each other is one of utter ease and informality. In this they are almost the equal of the people who live down in the lowest depths. The people of the highest class act towards each other in a human way. The fact that they have all that is worth having seems to have done them good. They have not the unselfishness of those who have nothing, but they are graceful towards each other. And on the whole their attitude towards each other is a fair one.

When I speak of the highest class of all, I do not mean the newly-rich class.

I mean the class that comes into the possession of the best of everything by virtue of the fact of birth.

The trouble between neighbours begins quite low down in the social scale. And its basis is strictly economic. A woman of the working class will give herself airs because her husband gets a few shillings more a week than the husband of her next-door neighbour. If she sees the other woman on the street she will hardly speak to her. If she can prevent it, she will not allow her children to play with the other woman's children.

The attitude of her husband towards the other man will be much the same. But it will not be so sharply defined. It will be more covered up, for the obvious putting on of airs might provoke a fight there and then. Besides, the fact of the matter is that men do not take those differences in so serious a way as women take them. They don't look on a man who gets less money than they do a week as being necessarily of inferior clay. Their main reason for having little or nothing to do with him is because of the awkwardness that is brought about by the difference in their wages.

This difference may seem slight to people who are well off. It may be a matter of only five or ten shillings a week. But when people live down near to the hunger-line, a few shillings a week mean a great deal. There is more actual and vital difference between an income of a pound and thirty shillings a week than there is between an income of five hundred and five thousand a year.

It is the women in this class—as it is, indeed, of the other classes—who insist on the sharp definition of the line between the two households. In this particular women do things

that men would never dare do. A woman will be rude to another woman for no other reason than that her financial position is a better one. The man who did this would run the risk of a physical beating. But a man wouldn't think of doing it. What he does is to endeavour to avoid the awkwardness that undoubtedly exists because of the difference in the financial status.

But the woman—well, the woman dots the i's and crosses the t's.

There is a reason for the woman doing this just as there is a reason for everything. And the thing is not to blame her for doing it, but to endeavour to understand why she does it.

To me it seems to be in the main prompted subconsciously by the instinct to protect the family. And here it may perhaps be as well to branch off a little and examine in some detail the relation of the woman towards this instinct.

It is the woman who is, so to speak, the keeper and the guardian of it. She has always been the one upon whom the young really depended. She has been the one who has kept things together. And it is now even as it was hundreds of thousands of years ago. The woman is the keystone of the family principle.

In fact, the woman is the family.

And—well, it is idle to deny it. The family idea or principle has in itself nothing to do with *camaraderie*. It is in its essence exclusive. It has no sense of the communal. Its own interests come first.

The members of it will, of course, combine with the members of other families for the carrying out of certain common objects. Say, for the purpose of repelling invasion, or going to war, or for any other purpose where combined effort is essential.

But the family—*qua* family—is, in the last analysis, utterly self-centred and bounded by its own limited horizon.

Normally it is a small autocracy the administration of which is carried out on lines that are calculated to forward the best interests of all the members. The family—that is, where it is a healthful expression of the family idea—is an absolutely ideal state in miniature. Within it economic and other problems are solved satisfactorily. If the State were able to manage as the family manages, mankind would enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

I would like now to digress further and put forward something regarding the family itself.

It is often said that the interest of the community is, broadly speaking, the interest of the family. This is true—but it is true only in a limited sense. If the community is threatened with destruction, then, of course, the family must look beyond its own small horizon.

It may be said that the interest of the community is, broadly speaking, the interest of the family. This is true—but not in an absolute sense. If the community is threatened with destruction, then, of course, the family must look beyond its limited horizon.

But crucial times and crises do not come often for the community. The community, as a community, meanders along in a way that is somewhat hard to understand. No one takes any particular notice of it, save the politicians. And they, as a rule, understand it no better than other people do.

The community, or State, is simply a loose jumble of families who live with each other, but who are not of each other. Their interests are in conflict through the whole of the time. Between them is incessant war. War that is in its way as terrible as the red, open war of the battlefield. In all the great towns of the world people die of actual hunger. In all of them you will find people who have neither food nor shelter. You will find people who are treated as cruelly as they would be if the community were in the grasp of an invading host.

Such is the state of things, more or less, in all States, or communities. Battle is going on between the people as actually as it went on in the vast primeval forests of thousands upon thousands of years ago. Families are struggling against families for existence all the time. Families exploit families. Families are crushed and broken up and left to die in the struggle to get bread.

This struggle goes on during war between States, and when war is finished and done with. There is no let up—no cessation.

And, as I said in the beginning, this war—the mightiest the world has ever known—does not in reality affect it.

The struggle beneath or within the present struggle goes on and on. To blame it is as idle as to blame the wind for blowing. It exists. It is there.

Why does it exist?

It exists because the family principle and the communal principle are two opposing principles. One is a negation of the other. And still they exist and interweave together at one

and the same time. That this should be so is one of the most curious paradoxes of the social life of man.

And now I will go back to what was said with regard to the woman's sharp defining of the dividing lines that exist between neighbours.

Neighbourliness is in itself an attempt to modify the harshness of the normal struggle that exists between families. And inasmuch as the woman means—and is in effect—the family, she is naturally the arbiter and the definer of what neighbourliness shall consist of.

And, logically enough, she founds the definition of neighbourliness upon an economic basis. She selects for her friends those who will not be likely to want anything from her. I do not say that she always does this consciously. But she does it, nevertheless. Neither do I say that her attitude is never modified. It is, but only occasionally. In the vast majority of cases she judges things altogether from the economic point of view.

She inherits the tendency—which has come to her through thousands of generations—to think of her family first. And the people she thinks of next are those who will not be likely to injure her family from the point of view of the getting of the means of subsistence. She carries this much farther than there seems to be a necessity for. A woman possessing wealth will act similarly to a woman whose husband gets thirty shillings a week. But that is the way of human nature.

Men, I may remark, do practically the same thing. But they are not so frank about it.

It is not for me to pass judgment as to whether or not this kind of discrimination is right or wrong. My main purpose has been to endeavour to point out the reason for it. That it exists is a fact that is not to be evaded.

I would also like to point out another fact. This kind of discrimination is not considered fair. Especially now. It is considered to be base and mean. But I pass no judgment. I merely state the fact.

One more fact.

No one values the family principle more than I do, but it must never be forgotten that it is the communal principle that has saved us.

But for the workings of this principle, the families of Britain would have been dishonoured and broken and destroyed in this terrible war.

Women especially must not forget that they all owe a great deal to their neighbours.

The Lady April

By B. J. Howe

I saw the Lady April, and she was laughing as she went over the bare hillside.

There was gold in the wild tangle of her floating hair, gold of quick sunshine on the bright green grass she trod, and she brought with her flowers, daffodils, primroses, cowslips, and many celandines.

She was happy the Lady April, and sang songs to herself —the song of budding tree, of mating bird, and unfurling leaf, and she danced most of the way.

The shadows of passing clouds chased her over woods and fields and the green hillside; always she ran ahead the Lady April, scattering her flowers.

I saw the Lady April, and there were tears in her eyes. Crying, she wandered over the bare hillside.

There was no gold in the wild tangle of her unbound hair, sunlight made not bright her path, flowers she had none. Glittering dewdrops starred her head, and she brought with her fresh winds and soft, warm rain.

Her song was the song of running, rushing water, and she held a rainbow between her outstretched hands.

The Lady April she cried, though spring was in the land.

Chaucer and Chinese Odes

By Yoshio Markino

LATELY, while studying Western literatures, I have come across many coincidences between East and West, especially in poetry; nor should that be surprising, poets being always the true voices of Humanity. The similarity of Chaucer's "Anelida and False Arcite" to some ancient Chinese odes, which I am here translating, is one example.

To translate Chinese odes is not an easy task. The charm of these odes lies, as does the charm of Latin odes (proses rather!), in their brevity; and yet each Chinese word having only one syllable, they are composed in quatrometers, which is in Latin impossible. I, being anxious to give the real colour of the Chinese original, have translated them almost verbatim, except where the English idiom does not allow of this; and I have added my own annotations to each. I have also added the excerpts from Chaucer's "Anelida and False Arcite" in the Appendix, so that the reader may be able to compare these with my translations.

The odes themselves are, in many cases, obscure; and many scholars, both Chinese and Japanese, have written their interpretations of them, each varying in his opinions. In China Skuki, the most pedantic scholar in Soh Dynasty, wrote "Synthetical Annotations," which are more generally read than any others; while in Japan, among many annotations, "Vernacular Paraphrase" has had great success, especially for illiterate people. I remember a stone-cutter in my village, a mere labourer, who had never been at school, who used to keep this paraphrase in his pocket, and who gave lectures upon it for poor children in his quarry whenever he had time.

Now, about pronunciation of Chinese names, I have deliberately adopted our own Japanese custom, not without hesitation. The other day an English professor corrected my pronunciations of Latium to "Laysham," Dion to "Dye on," etc., "lest the public should not understand me!" The Japanese pronunciation of Chinese resembles in one respect the English pronunciation of Latin. Some scholars claim that it is much nearer to the ancient Chinese than is the modern

Chinese pronunciation, this latter being much corrupted with barbarian tongues. But, no doubt, ours, too, is much corrupted. However that may be, we Japanese have full privilege, for Chinese classics are no longer a purely Chinese possession, as Mr. Suehiro says; and we may perhaps be justified in keeping not only our pronunciation, but also our own conception of their meaning, because they have now been studied and domiciled among us for more than one thousand years.

Mr. Suehiro has lately written a book, "Kwatsu Guan Roku," great part of which is addressed to the English nation. But as it is written in Japanese, I fear it is unlikely to meet the eyes of many English people. I take, therefore, this opportunity of introducing the gist of his book, briefly, to the English public. "We Japanese," he says, "have been, since the day of Ono-no-Imoko" (the first Japanese who went to China, A.D. 607), "accustomed to adopt foreign civilisations, and, being altruists, we have often worshipped almost too much any country from which we have received civilisation. Indeed, there were, in early times, many Japanese scholars who suffered from Chino-mania, many of them even changing their names into Chinese" (like Melancthon in his Greco-mania!) "It has been, as is well known since olden times, a great question among our scholars: What would you do if Confucius and Mencius invaded Japan?" (To amuse the English reader, I quote a couple of typical answers by young students. One said, "We are taught by them to love and protect our own country; therefore, we should fight against them, according to their own doctrines." Another said, "Pray, talk no nonsense! The gentlest savants would never do such things; if they should, they would be no longer Confucius and Mencius, but avaricious Christians, who are always prowling around the world to augment their own colonies.") "We have preserved ancient Chinese Classics, which China herself lost." (Indeed, we are entitled to boast, considering how much of her own classic literature Europe has lost!) "I ask, how many among us do not know the Chinese classics? And how many modern Chinese know them? There have been many Chinese scholars who came to Japan to study their own classics. Chinese classics are no longer Chinese, but our own, as the Bible is to the Europeans. And we should thank ancient China rather than modern Europe, for the former has given us pure art, literature, and philosophy, which are only beneficial to us and in no way harmful; while the latter has

bestowed metaphysics, together with that contagious mania of brutal rapacity." Then Mr. Suehiro goes on "Poor ancient China, the peace-lover, though very rich in philosophy and literature, but inapt to defend herself, had been, since her early times, perpetually harassed by Kyodo (Huns), extirpated by ghenghis Khan, and was then finally conquered by Manturians. Each time we most heartily condoled with her, and welcomed her refugees, some of them indeed, being knighted and held in high honour among us. Of their sweet home, their Yangtse Kiang, they have composed many pathetic verses, which we have been—Oh, how often!—singing, even preferring them to our own poetry. This was the very reason why our plebiscite was, during their late revolution, in favour of the Southern Chinese, no matter whichever side our Government was taking. This sentiment of ours toward Yangtse Kiang, like Jerusalem for the Christians, or Mecca for the Mohamedans, could never be understood by the Western nations, who are always interpreting us as covetous of Southern China! If there be any Japanese infested with the Western rapacity, dreaming of the domination of Yangtse Kiang, let us, by all means, confute him; for he is no longer a true Japanese! Our fervid desire is to reinstate the most clement and philosophical ancient China on the bank of Yangtse Kiang." Then he complains about iniquity and anomaly of some Westerners in the East, concluding his chapter with these words:—"If I die before these affairs are rectified, pluck out my eyes and hang them on my gate, so that I shall watch." (Here Mr. Suehiro made a parody of a patriot called Go-Sisho in ancient China.) Hence, "Kwatsu Guan Roku"; or "The Plucked Eyes' Essay," is the title of his book.

I have a few words to address to Mr. Suehiro:—It is a strange coincidence that I should be now writing a book called "The Last Voice of Old Japan"; or "Japan's Vindication," with exactly the same spirit as yours. If you find a little different tone in my book, that is because our positions are different. You are meeting with bumptious nabobs and churlish adventurers who are "strutting" in our country as if it were their own fee simple, or as if it were susceptible of the chicaneries of those baser Western diplomats; while I am living among the children of Bayard and Philip Sydney—the real Samurais of Europe—some of whom, I grieve to tell you, have even shared the fate of their ancestors.

There is only one truth in the whole world, as sure as there

is only one straight line between two points. Let us all keep this straight line. Seneca says, not to quote from many among our own philosophers, "Viam eunti aliquid extremum est, error inmensus est." O, that "error"! Look at this inundation of the European bloods! "Inmensus est," indeed.

THE COMPLAINT OF PRINCESS KIO TO FALSE PRINCE SOH
(ABOUT 792–776 B.C.).

See that eddying oak boat!
There, eddying and drifting.
I am on fire; and I sleep not,
Deep grief is in my heart, hidden;
No temptation I have to sorrow-steeping wine
In which to revel and forget.

In the first line the poet compares herself with an oak boat. In ancient China the word indicating boat and carriage was analogous to "pons" or bridge in ancient Rome, whence, as commonly well known, the word "Pontiff" was derived, although Plutarch, I must insert, denied this, and said it was from the word "Potens." In China and Japan we call the Buddhist's superlative and esoteric philosophy "Daijo," or "Great boat and carriage"; to write more correctly, "vehicle which conveys travellers"; and savants or patriots, "boats for the nation." "Oak" means, of course, staunch. Now I give the reader my paraphrase of these verses: "I thought my own virtue would be, like an oak boat, staunch shield against the world; but now, being married to Prince Soh, whose profligate and licentious life is like turbulent tides, I begin to eddy. The truth is I have deep grief in my heart, although I do not show it to everybody. In such a case those weak-minded would steep themselves in wine, and so quell their worries. Such cowardice I could not follow, and so I suffer all the more."

My heart is not a mirror,
It cannot reflect the truth!
Though I have brothers,
They cannot be convinced,
Vainly, I went to complain,
Only to meet their anger.

The first two lines show, according to Shuki's annotation, the exact demeanour of the ancient Chinese woman in virtue. She wished, in spite of all the viciousness of her husband, to be complaisant to him. If only she could understand his heart, she thinks, she would not make him so angry. So she says, "O, would my heart were like a mirror, which reflects and surveys everything! But, alas, it is not so!" Thus she reproaches herself. Some egoistic and captious Westerners

may laugh at, or even suspect her of, being either a fool or a hypocrite. But we altruists revere her. The truth is that we who revere her would never have taken advantage of her, and the savage who laugh at her might or would have done so. Let it suffice to quote, in this connection, John Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding": "I doubt not but, without being written on their hearts, many men may, by the same way that they come to the knowledge of other things, come to assent to several moral rules and be convinced to their obligation."

The word "brothers" in the third line is rather ambiguous; for in ancient Chinese writings the word "Kei-Tei," or brother, was used for both sexes, though they had the word "Shi-mai" for sister.

My heart is not a stone
That can be moved!
My heart is not a mat
That can be rolled!
My pride, my dignity, I preserve inviolate,
It may not be censured.

Now she says, "My grieving heart is not such a trifle as a stone or a mat, which you can huddle in any way you like," etc., etc.

My grief hides in an abyss
And I am loathed by those who sponge and prey,
I have suffered at their hands enduring sorrow,
Mocked and rejected among them.
When I calmly reflect upon my life,
I strike in pain my wounded heart.

I think no annotation is needed here.

O, Sun and Moon!
Why do ye alternately wax and wane?
The grief in my heart
Is like uncleansèd clothes.
When I calmly reflect upon my life,
I can no longer soar as once I did.

The poet, the legal wife, compares herself with the sun and the concubines with the moon. The legal wife should take first place in the court. But now she is, like the waning moon, losing her own position, while other triflers, favoured by the prince, wax more and more.

(II.)

O, green is the raiment!
The green raiment with the yellow lining!
O, when will cease
The grief in my heart?

O, green is the raiment!
The green raiment with the yellow underdress!
O, when will vanish
The grief in my heart?

In China yellow is the proper colour for the court dress and green for the under-dresses, which should not be seen. So these two verses have the same meaning, although in different metaphor, as the last one.

O, green is the thread,
That thou art wielding!
I hold fast to old wisdoms,
That I may not err.

To "wield thread" is an old metaphor for national or domestic affairs; thread, if neglected, can be easily ravelled, and gets into unmanageable knots. Here the poet means that the true order of the court is confused and distressed by those triflers as by ravelled green thread. In her sadness she diverts her hearts to those savants who wrote the ancient books of wisdom; as Goldsmith said in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Vol. II.): "If they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would teach us to endure it." Seneca, also, said: "In quamcumque partem rerum vel civilium vel externarum memoriam miseris, occurrent tibi ingenia aut profectus aut impetus magni."

O, gossamer! O, coarser cloth!
The chilly wind is blowing!
I remember the wisdom of the wise,
In that, I find my heart.

The poet first complains her husband's negligence, like those thin raiments whether silken as gossamer, or rougher and more harsh, as is the coarser cloth; and her grief is like a chilly wind upon her heart. Then she finds relief in recalling the wise sayings of ancient savants, propitious.

It should be noticed that she evoked her poetical idea in the first stanza, ingeminated that in the second, introduced a quite strange element "Ancient savants," in the third, and in the last, recapitulated all essential parts together. This ode was, I believe, a forerunner of the modern Chinese quatrains, composed of Ki, Sho, Ten and Ketsu, or Evoking, Accessing, Counterturning and Concluding.

It coincides in wonderful fashion with that discipline of Aristotle, who divided the integral parts of a play into four: Protasis, Epitasis, Catastasis and Catastrophe.

Many European poets have been since following this discipline, of which Dryden especially being most fervent,

and Keats, I think, was perfect in his "Endymion." Thus East and West concur in poesy.

III.

O, everlasting wind, brimming and impetuous!
He looks at me, laughing,
Bantering, taunting, and blustering,
So that my poor heart bleeds ever freshly.

"Wind" is our metaphor for human nature. It is, I think, from an ethnological point of view the most important and interesting part of the poem to notice the difference between Eastern and Western ideas. The ancient Greek used to anthropomorphose all meteorological phenomena, such as Boreas, Notos, Zephyros, Euros, etc., for diverse winds; and what else did they not metamorphose into human figures? In China and Japan, we have done the reverse, always comparing human natures and deeds with winds, seasons, or anything abstract. Sir Thomas More, as if he were talking about the Eastern nations, said in his "Utopia": "For they define virtue to be a life ordered according to Nature; and we hereunto ordained of God," etc.

Here the poet calls her cruel husband, "Everlasting and impetuous wind," who, looking at her sad mood, laughs and blusters. And she gets still more pain in her heart. The reader will find the exactly same verses in Chaucer's "Anelida."

O, everlasting wind with dustcloud!
Seldom he vouchsafeth me his healing visit;
But neither greeting nor regreeting,
Deeper and deeper drives my grief to its abyss.

The prince is not only rough in his manner, but inscrutable and capricious, which she cannot penetrate. And sometimes he comes to see her, and then his visit brings her happiness. But that is very seldom, and otherwise she is neglected. Consequently, her distress is driven still deeper.

O, everlasting wind with cloud,
More clouded yet ere the day be done.
Awakened, I can sleep no more;
In my pain I sniff.

The prince loses his temper against her more than once in a day. This first distich is what she is recollecting in bed, and makes her unable to sleep. Tei's annotation says it was a very old saying in China "that if anybody is talking or thinking of you, you sniff." Now when the princess sniffed in her worry she took it as an augury that her husband, becoming penitent, might be thinking of her. I call this "interlarding

bathos." The princess was a most cultured woman and would not be so fatuous. She was a genuine poetic impressionist—a realist. When one worries one's mucous membrane is inflamed, and its result is sniffing. How true she was in writing!

> Cloud on cloud, 'tis gloaming,
> Now the thunder is roaring.
> Awakened, I can sleep no more,
> I am full of agitated thoughts. I pine.

A Discarded Wife. By an anonymous poet (the same period with the above).

> The breeze begins now to search the valley,
> To bring the cloud, to bring the rain!
> Diligently striving in the same mind,
> We two should never fret each other.

"The breeze—to search the valley," or, to translate more directly, "Valley breeze," is sometimes written "Cereal breeze," which being an homonymous, and is analogous with Zephyros in Greek. It is a benefactor for peasants, bringing rain to the teeming field. It must blow again and again before it brings cloud, then still more before we may have rain. Thus the poet explains the law of Nature, and says: "So we, too, should patiently and unanimously work before we procure the fruit of our labour."

> To take Ho or to take Hi,
> Thou shouldst not judge by the roots alone.
> If thy oath erred not,
> With thee, I would die, we two together.

"Ho" is a kind of turnip, and "Hi" of spinach. The poet still continues her agricultural metaphor. Of turnips you eat only the bulb, and of spinach the leaves. You should not throw away their delicious part because the other part is unattractive. Evidently her beauty was fading, of that reason her husband began to love another woman. So she says "Thou shouldst not judge me by my face, I have still a heart as true. Hadst thou kept our marriage oath, I would have lived with thee until I died."

> Slow and slow I tarry on my journey,
> I find the difference in my heart!
> No further than thy gate, but to the border
> Of thy land, thou comest with me in farewell.

Now she goes to her parents' home for ever. Hitherto, when she has gone to see her parent, it has been in happiness. But this time she knows it is her last journey, that she is never to come back. So she says: "My feeling is quite different, this time, from that of old, when I used to be so

happy to go home. Now I am tarrying! 'Tis true, my husband, thou hadst still such courtesy towards me as to see me off, but only to the gate. Would thou hadst come with me further!"

Who sayeth Tŏ is the bitterest?
'Tis as sweet as Sei.
Now thou revelest with thy new spouse,
Like brothers, like sisters.

Tŏ is something like wormwood, and Sei chicory. "Say not wormwood is the bitterest thing in the world; hadst thou only known the bitterness in my heart, being dismissed like this. Comparing with my heart, wormwood is only chicory to me." "Brother," "sister," or "uterine" indicate harmony or intimacy.

River Kei looks muddy where River Wi meets,
But, O, her serene purl!
When thou revelest with thy new spouse,
Thy thoughts of me are chilled, unkind.

Here, again, human beings are metamorphosed into rivers —the reverse of the Greek practice! The discarded wife, compared with the new, may not look as beautiful, but she has virtue in her heart. It is perhaps not inappropriate here to quote from John Lyly's "Euphues"; Philautus, forsaken by Lucilla, who had another lover, Euphues, said: "Ah, well I wot that a new broom sweepeth clean, and a new garment maketh thee leave off the old, though it be fitter, and new wine causeth thee to forsake the old though it be better."

Go not to my warren!
Open not my coffer!
I, myself, am forsaken,
Aught I left behind to suffer?

This indicates well the nature of a gentle woman. She has been saving fishes in her warren and money in her coffer for exigencies. But the other woman, being a spendthrift, will ruin her husband; that makes her worry. But, being forsaken, she is quite powerless.

When the flood was deep,
By boating and rafting;
When it was shallow,
By wading and swimming;
With whatever we had, or whatever not,
I toiled for thee.
When thy neighbours were mourning,
For thy sake I laboured also for them.

The poet compares their life with a flood, and paraphrases our old proverb: "In each emergency use your wits." In

the last distich she explains how carefully she has been not to make her husband unpopular among his neighbours, giving one example from many of her deliberate arts of service. It seems a universal law since the day when Æneas met with Dido that men, married or in love, should be besmeared with calumnies, not always without causes!

> But thou honourest me not;
> Thou deemest me thine enemy.
> Already thou ignorest my virtue,
> As goods used, for which thou hast not paid.
>
> Once, we feared disaster in our arduous life;
> For thee I toiled, with thee endured.
> Now that time is over; thou hast wealth and peace;
> Ungrateful thou deemest me, in this thy venom.
>
> I have preserved delicious food
> Against the shortage of the winter store.
> Now thou revelest only in thy new spouse,
> As if the labour of my love had been for her.
>
> 'Tis surging, 'tis inundating!
> My loving toil it is that dams the flood.
> Hadst thou forgotten, now, that hungry past,
> When I came to breathe with thee?

The poet compares that other woman's extravagance with a flood, and tells her husband that if she had not been so frugal he could not enjoy such a life, and says: "Just think of the day when I came to thee. Thou wert then too poor to enjoy; thou couldst only breathe."

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

A Problem in Education (ii)

By Clemence Dane

Now, in attacking a system of education we, of course, do not mean to attack the way it is carried out by all the splendid men and women who give up their whole lives to serving other people's children. Nor are we so foolish as to suggest that they, as a whole, are not far more alive to this problem of *Schwärmerei* than we outsiders can possibly be, or that they, as a whole, do not do all that they possibly can to minimise and eradicate the evil.

We say "as a whole" because, again, the present system of education does not render it impossible for a morbid and selfish woman to amuse herself and gratify her love of excitement by playing on this tendency to exaggerated hero-worship in the children and mistresses under her care. Such women do exist. It is to be hoped that they are rare; but they do exist. I have myself come across such types, and I have been told, not by hysterical schoolgirls, but by sober head-mistresses of many years' experience, stories enough of such women. I had a letter only the other day from a headmistress, in which she says:—

"I have known at least four of these vampire women in my own experience, and have heard of many others. Two belong to my school and college days, the other two to my days as headmistress, and both have been sent packing. I am responsible for over eighty boarders, so you may imagine that I feel pretty strongly about this sort of love-making."

That is the attitude, I think, of nearly all our headmistresses; in fact, they so drastically disapprove that they often defeat their own excellent intentions. A principal of a school once told me that she considered the outcry upon this subject exaggerated, and that in all her experience she had never seen anything really disturbing. "But, of course," she said, "when I see the beginning of any such silliness I suppress it at once I don't give it a chance. I stamp it out ruthlessly."

I know she does. Yet I could have told her that one of the worst cases I ever came across did happen at her own school. There was one of those charming young women there, with nothing at all of the vampire in her nature, but who, nevertheless, had rather the same effect upon children. She excited them. There was at one time a general craze for her. But with several girls, though few guessed it, it went a good deal deeper. Long after the craze was over, in fact, for nearly three years, they lived in an almost inconceivable state of tension and excitement and jealousy. One was certainly naturally hysterical, but the others were perfectly normal and pleasant girls. I know of it partly from what I heard at the time, and partly from what one of them told me some years later. I shall not easily forget the extreme resentment and bitterness with which she spoke, not of the mistress of whom she had been fond, but of the fact that she had been allowed to get into such a state, that it had been possible for her to be subjected to such an experience. She seemed to feel that her whole capacity for happiness and suffering had been blunted by it. As she said, "It was torment, and I only pray that I never have to go through such a hell again." This, let us remember, in a school where the headmistress ruthlessly suppresses anything of the kind.

"Suppression," "repression"—are they not downright wicked words to use in connection with a child? Does not such a case (and it is one of very many) prove that suppression is not even successful—that such an impulse cannot be stamped out, that it is far too strongly and *naturally* rooted to be killed? But we can say, I suppose, that if we manage to drive it inwards, right in, to grow and fester in secret, that we have at least made things tidy and decorous on the surface, and that that is all, while human nature is what it is, that we can expect.

Well, that is one point of view, one way out of the difficulty.

There is another.

Instead of breaking off the shoots as they appear above the surface, of this deeply-rooted impulse, acknowledge it, foster it, give it the space and air, the food and water that suit it, and see if it is not capable of becoming a useful and beautiful growth. That is to say, change our unnatural way of educating children, and see if the unnatural difficulties do not soon lessen, and finally disappear.

Now, what is our present way with children?

We take a boy or girl of eight or nine, plant them down among members of their own sex till they are seventeen or eighteen, or, if they go to college, for three or four years longer. During that time, however well or ill they are educated in other ways, we certainly do not make a point of training them to understand or know each other. Practically speaking, the other sex is ignored. It is almost bad form to be interested in it. It is not the custom. A girl (but the argument applies equally to boys), a girl's days, we say, are too full, and she herself is too young, to bother her head about boys, the implication being, it is to be noticed, that her interest must be flirtatious, that comradeship does not enter into the question, or, if it does, "Oh, well, she will have plenty of time to make boy friends later on." Yes, when she is a woman, unaccustomed to men, and consequently self-conscious, sex-conscious. But just at the age when, without self-consciousness, unconsciously, instinctively, boys and girls could gain absolutely reliable, intimate knowledge of their future yoke-fellows, that is the period of time in which, under the present system, they are, for nine months out of twelve, withdrawn absolutely from each other. They are segregated; they are trained among endless variations of themselves; they acquire an attitude of indifference, aloofness, almost of contempt for the other sex; they are, in a word, estranged. Then, at eighteen or twenty in the girl's case, in the boy's a little later, when we have alienated them as completely as real and artificial differences of temper, ideals, interests, occupations, and outlook—above all, outlook—can do, then we fling them together again, and trust to the blind impulse of sex, and to that alone, to unite and reconcile them—sex, surely, rather than love, for love is based on comprehension. Is it any wonder that so many marriages fail and half-fail, or that we have such abnormal complications of the sex problem as we are now discussing? We do not give people a chance. If education is truly to be a preparation for adult life, how can it be considered successful if it trains its boy or girl without any reference to the probable needs of its future? Is it wise to let a child assume for eight long years that the outlook, the views, the interests of one sex, and one sex only, are really worth considering? Nobody tells it so, of course, but what other conclusion can it draw? Learning and efficiency are all very well, but the average human being has not only to earn its own living and to get on in

the world. It is predestined, also, to marriage and parenthood. Yet just in its most pliable and impressionable years that facet of its future is ignored.

But take Nature's way, and what do we get? The family! As a matter of interest, how often does one hear of parents whose children are educated at home and are allowed unrestricted intercourse with young people of neighbouring families having these difficulties? My personal experience is that the only type of woman who stands me out that the state of affairs I have outlined is untrue is the woman whose girlhood has been passed at home. She will not believe it, and rightly. For it does not happen in the home. Bring boys and girls up together, and we may have to deal with occasional cases of that very natural and harmless malady calf-love, but we do not often get extravagant, passionate, hysterical attachments to members of the same sex. But segregate—interfere with Nature's plans—put a hundred and fifty boys into one building and a hundred and fifty girls into another—and ask any honest master or mistress what their chief anxieties with their charges are.

But a great many people will say, and do say: "You are making mountains out of molehills. The average child, if it does not escape altogether, is very lightly touched by this particular evil; in fact, the children who behave as you assert that they do are morbid little wretches who want a good shaking."

Now, this charge of morbidity is very commonly brought against sensitive children, but is it justly brought? The case, of course, of the occasional unhappy child who is, in the worst sense, abnormal or perverse, must be excepted. Such cases do not come into question. They occur, we know, and we also know that for them school life is impossible. But we know also that such isolated abnormal cases are not alarming because the truly abnormal is too unlike the community to have any real influence upon it.

No; it is the normal child whose instincts, through unsuitable conditions, through moral overcrowding and forcing, become temporarily diverted from their proper channels, who is the problem and the danger. But surely it is as short-sighted as it is cruel to brand as "morbid" and so on, just those fine and most sensitive spirits in a school who, because they are more delicate and highly strung, respond more quickly and show more disastrously the effect of their unsuitable environment. For it always seems to be the cleverest,

the most keen and ardent and impressionable of the children who take the longest to shake off the effects of this false dawn of sex, just the very people who should be of most value to society, who should in their turn give it its best children, whose careers are most frequently influenced and maimed. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that such people are the victims of our foolish idea as a race and a world that we know better than Nature. "Segregation," we say; "Family," says Nature. But fight against Nature, and we are bound to lose. The greatest headmaster or headmistress has had at the outside fifty years of experience of boys and girls, and Nature has had how many thousands? We can't win. The dice are loaded.

But go partners with Nature, and what do we get? Family life.

But all parents cannot as yet educate their own children, though that, too, may come, even as William Morris prophesies in that wonderful chapter on education in "News from Nowhere. The visitor to Utopia asks: Where are the schools? and the guide says to him, in effect—Schools? What should we have schools for? A child picks up all it needs at home. Of course, everybody is only too glad to explain what he knows himself to any child who asks. "*Oh*," he says, "*I suppose you expected to see children thrust into schools when they reached an age conventionally supposed to be the due age, whatever their varying faculties and dispositions are, and there subjected to a conventional course of learning? My friend, can't you see that such a proceeding means ignoring the fact of growth, bodily and mental? No one could come out of such a mill uninjured. All that is past. We are no longer hurried, and information is ready to each one's hand when his own inclinations impel him to seek it.*"

That, of course, is the ideal. But, until Morris's sane and splendid dream is a little nearer realisation, we must have some form or system of education, and so we come, if we wish to work on the lines Nature has laid down, to the co-educational school.

Now, I am naturally not attempting an appreciation or a criticism, or even a discussion, of co-education as a whole, but only in connection with our present problem, and there I am again only trying to define the attitude to it of us average interested outsiders. And what so many of us feel is that, however co-education may fail or succeed in other ways, it does approach most closely the way of life—that is to say,

the family—in which this problem gives least anxiety, and that, therefore, it appeals to our common-sense. And then at once the question arises, *Why* does this unnatural instinct show itself, as we concede it does, so much less in the home and co-educational school? And is it not likely, if it does disappear in this new environment, that it will be replaced by an even more puzzling problem? That is to say, will not undesirable sentimentalities and worse become common between boys and girls educated together?

For an answer to that we have only to go, not even to the teachers, but to the children themselves—to such friends of ours as have been educated in the best type of co-educational school. Their answer, in my experience at least, is a most vehement and contemptuous "No." They do not pretend—nobody pretends—that such difficulties will ever entirely disappear, but their experience does confirm our common-sense in its belief that precocity (and all these troubles come under that head) is the result not of natural "horridness," but of wrong environment, of the forcing-house atmosphere that, in its turn, is the result of segregation. They are in themselves a proof that we can trust a child to know when it is well off—that a child's instinct (as it shows itself in its actions) is the one infallible guide. If a child behave unnaturally its surroundings must be unnatural.

There was a report in the papers the other day of experiments by some famous scientist with dahlias. By withdrawing light for certain hours he made the poor things double and shoot and send off buds where leaves ought to have been, and generally behave as if they were flowering currants, and he was very much pleased. What it proved to him, heaven knows, but surely it proves to us that if only it is given wrong environment the healthiest plant can be turned into something unnatural and deformed.

But, given the proper environment, the plant grows as it should, slowly and healthily.

Now education, as we know it, is the handing on of the results of experiments in the art of living by a trained, conscious personality to an untrained conscious personality. But our conscious surface personality is only a part of the entire self, and subconsciously we are all equal, trained and untrained, old and young, for we are all born with the inherited education which we call instinct. We have learned before we are born to swallow, to masticate, to make sounds with our tongue, to smile when we are amused, and so on: and that

inherited education does not cease in babyhood. It accompanies us through our whole lives, and at each crisis it is there to co-operate or to interfere with our consciously received education. It is inherited education that co-operates with the teaching of our parents when we learn to walk and talk, and surely it goes further. Can we not trace in the naughtiness of children, in the restlessness of youth, the troubles of love, in our ambitions and our eccentricities, in our very illnesses themselves, the revolt of our inherited instincts against unsuitable conditions? And it is not, therefore safe, in this matter of precocious development, to trust to the child's own instinct? It will know subconsciously when it is in the right place. Let it grow up mixing freely with the other sex, and in some mysterious way that sense of being in its right place, that knowledge that it is itself educating and being educated by its "opposite number" will suffice it. There will be no abnormal and precocious development of the sex feeling. It will grow as naturally and as freely and as slowly—that is the main point—as any plant in the open air, contrasted with its overgrown, prematurely flowering sister of the hothouse.

All this is so borne out by average family life and by the entirely successful and flourishing co-educational schools already in existence that it is difficult not to be impatient with people who dismiss the entire question of co-education by the remark, "Oh, it makes the boys soft and the girls rough." Perhaps more comprehensible, but equally annoying, is the attitude of the mother who wrote to me the other day saying that the experiment of co-education interested her enormously. She would love to see it tried—upon a niece! Yet people will not realise that this dangerous experiment is already tried, and has proved a success in every home in England. Family life *is* co-education, and it is only when we send the children away to their barracks that the trouble begins.

But it is not only in connection with the children that the argument applies. If an environment is bad for the boy and girl, can it be good for the man or woman who teaches them? If education is merely the imparting of facts, well and good; but if education is the preparation of children for their future, can we say that the schoolmaster, and still more the schoolmistress, of to-day is fully qualified and competent, however excellent a teacher and conscientious a personality he or she may be? Boys and girls are sent to school at eight, if not earlier, trained among members of their own

sex and by members of their own sex solely, till they are eighteen. They are given a further training, still almost wholly segregational, at their college or university; they are then plumped down in schools to teach—members of their own sex again! They go on doing it for thirty years unless they marry, when, at least in the case of women, they *at once* leave off teaching. Now, what do, what can, these people know of life as a whole? How can they be fitted to prepare other people for adult life when, for practical purposes, they have never experienced it? Their existence, we know, is arduous, spartan, but it is also in a sense extremely sheltered. They do not "knock about." They do not know life; they only know school life. And what are designed to be the greatest factors in their education, their natural complements, that is, in the other sex, are little more than shadows to them. And, as a consequence, do not women teachers, at any rate, complicate still further the problem under discussion? We know that these segregated girls of the last generation are the celibate mistresses of to-day. Our common-sense tells us that the uncomprehended impulses that a decade or two ago caused these outbreaks of sentimental measles will not automatically cease because they have become teachers instead of learners. It is not pleasant to think of what the more imaginative and passionate among such women must suffer. And the fact that they are rare, that with most women the sex feeling is rather indirect and passive, that their active emotions are more maternal and spiritual than passionate, does not solve the problem either. Women can have an intense longing for attention and affection and comradeship without necessarily or consciously wishing to marry. But what opportunity has a woman to mix freely with men and women alike, so as to understand her own outlook on these matters, to test her feelings, to differentiate between her need of friendship and her need of love? Her sole emotional outlet is her fellow-mistresses and her pupils. Is it a wonder that, as a result, she occasionally behaves unwisely? Surely the system is as bad for her as for the child she teaches. People will say, "Oh, she has her holidays!" But what opportunities of change and travel and free social intercourse can a teacher with from £100 to £130 a year and dependents have? Which, of course, brings us to the burning question of the payment, or, rather, the wicked under-payment of assistant teachers. Are they fairly treated? Is it right, bearing the immense responsibility they do to the whole future life of the nation.

that they should be, of common knowledge, underpaid, overworked, denied (in practice) their right to learn their way about the big world, to mix with their fellow men and women, to marry and have children?

Is it too much to hope that a law will one day be passed providing that no teacher shall be allowed to go on working for more than three years without a real break or change of occupation; also that at least half of the staff of any school shall consist of married folk, men and women of the world, who have brought up families of their own? We want our children trained not by specialists but by universalists. If co-education is the way out for the boy and girl, is it not obvious that it is equally the way out for the master and the mistress? What, after all, is the chief, in fact, the only real, criticism levelled against the most unselfish and hard-working body of men and women in the world? Never any aspersions of their keenness, their capacity, their sincerity and devotion. Of all that we are too sure—that we show in our attitude to them. For as a people we give them just the same rather exacting trust and respect that we give a doctor or a clergyman. We know that they are self-devoted to a calling that makes necessary a standard of conduct and character and attainments uncomfortably beyond us. We are quite ready to take it for granted that they are cleverer and better than we are, and yet—just a little, just a very little, we laugh at them. We are far from the days of *Vindex* and *Dominie Sampson*, of *Miss Peacher* and *the Misses Pinkerton*, but—"like a schoolmaster," "a regular schoolmarm"—it still has a slightly humorous sound. We are still—and I daresay in most cases very unjustly—inclined to accuse them as a class of narrowness, or unworldliness, of lack of humour, of a general attitude of "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

> "*Wherefore praise we famous men*
> *From whose bays we borrow,*
> *They that put aside To-day—*
> *All the joys of their To-day—*
> *And with toil of their To-day*
> *Bought for us To-morrow.*
>
> *Bless and praise we famous men—*
> *Men of little showing,*
> *For their work continueth,*
> *And their work continueth,*
> *Broad and deep continueth,*
> *Great beyond their knowing!*"

"Beyond their knowing!"

It is cruel that there should be that sting in the tail of such a deserved tribute—that, as it were, the very blindness of their devotion should be cast up at them. And why should it be "beyond their knowing"? What are such flaws as we note but the result of living for a long time in a little place with no change whatever in the mental atmosphere?

Imagination reels at the idea of suddenly planting a dozen lively and enthusiastic women teachers in the common room of some one of our more venerable public schools, or half a dozen intelligent young men in a hurry in a high school-mistresses' staff room, and telling them that in future they must work together. The initial clash would be Homeric. But when the dust of conflict had died down we should probably find that a good deal of intellectual furniture had been shifted and a good many windows had been opened. We cannot get away from it—men are good for women, and women are good for men. To take the classic example of co-operation:—

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean"—

and, *therefore*, they were able to make such a tidy job of the platter. But think of the amount of intellectual and spiritual fat that gets wasted in a boys' school, and the superfluity of lean in a girls'! In this age of economy it ought not to happen. Cannot we make up our minds once and for all that co-education is not an experiment, that it established itself with Adam, and that segregation is the experiment that we are at last admitting to have failed; that segregation—inequality of treatment and opportunity—has been the cause of the particular problem we have discussed here, not to mention many others, from savage times down to the present day? But segregation and co-education are uninspiring words. Cannot we simply say that it is the old fight of freedom against artificial and unnatural restraint? and that we can see in the world about us to-day, as we have never seen before, that it is artificial restraint. not freedom, that produces abnormality and licence. Freedom *is* education—freedom—the right of every human being to be brought up and to live out its life in the surroundings best suited to its development.

University Representation in Parliament

By T. Ll. Humberstone

The principle of University representation in Parliament is not one for which all parties in the State have shown affection or enthusiasm. To canvass the reasons for this would be to cover a wide field of discussion. Have we, it may be asked, a system of higher education worthy to be represented in the national Parliament? The man in the street, that unhappy wayfarer whom Mr. Balfour used to invoke in earlier days, cultivates what one may call the "Charley's Aunt" conception of University education, a University being for him a place where a wealthy young man can pass his later years of adolescence in agreeable society before taking up his hereditary task of ruling the Empire. If the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race is achieved in respectable time, having regard to wind and weather, all is for the best with the best possible system for training young men. The official view of University education has on occasion shown a higher appreciation of the functions and responsibilities of the Universities in their relations to the State. Nearly half a century ago, in 1873 to be precise, Gladstone, at that time Prime Minister, regarded the question of University education in Ireland as an important, almost a solemn subject, "solemn from the issues which depend upon it." In his long and impassioned speech introducing the Irish University Bill, he unfolded a plan to "enable Irishmen to raise their country to a height in the sphere of human culture such as will be worthy of the genius of the people."

But since the last legislative attempt to reform our ancient Universities, Parliament has shown a cold indifference to English University education. The present Minister for Education, Mr. Fisher, has had nothing to say in his speeches in Parliament on the supremely important question of University education, no vision to depict of a great popular system for the higher training of our men and women for national service. The war, he admits has proved that "there is something in your damned board school education after all"; but, to judge from the Education Bill, which purports to survey

the whole field of national education, Mr. Fisher clings obstinately to the vicious principle that national education has to do only with the children of the poor. In no other way can one explain his turning a purblind and indulgent eye on all the disasters which have overtaken the country through the want of a due supply of men of highly trained intelligence and judgment. What is worse, he enlists in the army of those who would kill the Kaiser with their mouths. "More learning and culture were concentrated in Oxford and Cambridge," he assured the *Observer* interviewer, "than in any dozen German Universities." Mr. Fisher's complacency is fortunately not shared by all his colleagues in the Ministry, for the Secretary for Foreign Affairs is busy devising a scheme for introducing persons of intelligence into the diplomatic service. *Sursum corda.* As Conrad says: "We are tethered to the chariot of progress." I write with some warmth on this question, because Mr. Fisher's first Education Bill contained a clause for setting up Provincial Associations which would have given an administrative framework for a real system of higher education. Its author damned the clause with faint praise as tentative and experimental, and overcome by a tea-cup storm of perverse criticism, abandoned the proposal in the second edition of his Bill. How long will the middle classes be content to find millions of money for public education while their own educational needs are ignored; and what are the prospects of establishing a useful system of continuation unless active measures are taken to ensure an adequate number of inspiring teachers?

However partial and incomplete our system of University education may be, it is not properly represented in Parliament by nine Conservatives or Unionists, some of whom have shown themselves as bigoted in their political faith as members of ordinary clay and origin. Nothing has given the opponent of University representation more cause to blaspheme than the strongly partisan attitude which University members have sometimes adopted. If, in reading the Parliamentary debates of bygone years, one comes across a speech of a particularly crusted Conservatism, it is probably from one of the honourable members for "that seat of Toryism, that cradle of Puseyism, that home of the inexact and the effete—Oxford," a quotation from "The Wrong Box" which one may use to adorn a tale without accepting its verbal inspiration. John Bright put the matter more politely in 1867, when he said:—"I am not in favour of the representation of Universities.

The representation of the ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was created in times about the worst in our history. The members they have sent to this House, learned as some of them have been, and amiable as many of them have been, have not been representatives such as it would be wise—I speak of their political views—for the House of Commons to follow." The occasion for this criticism was the proposal to extend the privilege of representation to the University of London, which was conceded by Disraeli's Franchise Act. John Bright stood alone among Liberal politicians in expressing a general repugnance to University representation. Gladstone, who in an earlier phase of his political life represented Oxford University in Parliament, thought that London University was "ripe for representation," and other prominent Liberals appeared to be friendly both to the general principle and the particular proposal.

The general question of University representation was revived in 1912 when the Liberal Government of the day proposed in a Franchise Bill to abolish such representation, *sans phrase*. This Bill was wrecked for reasons having nothing to do with University representation which need not be recalled. A year later the attempt was made to abolish plural voting without making any exception in favour of the University vote. The Parliamentary debates of these years deserve close study by those who wish to discover the gravamen against University representation in the minds of Liberal politicians. They relied mainly upon arguments based on the idea that experience had shown that a University constituency was much like any other. "Any constituency," Mr. Asquith said, "whether you call it a University or anything else, will, in the long run, send to the House a man whose political opinions are in accordance with the predominant opinions of those who sent him." Resorting to the argument *ad hominem*, he cited the case of Robert Lowe, the first representative in Parliament of London University, recalling Disraeli's famous gibe that he gave a seat to that University because he knew that Lowe dare not face the hustings but, if returned for the University, he could be relied upon to wreck any Ministry in which he was included. Sir John Gorst was cited as another awful example of the actual working of the system of University representation—a very distinguished Cambridge man, "in every way qualified to be a University representative"—who was rejected on political grounds by his University after many years' service as their representative in

Parliament. The question of the qualification for the University vote was raised. It appeared that neither Mr. Asquith nor Lord Loreburn, at that time Lord Chancellor, had been able, from his exiguous earnings at the Bar, to keep his name on the books at Oxford. Sir John Simon suggested that many of the electors of Oxford University had not had distinguished scholastic careers nor could show a very extensive knowledge of political affairs. A number were clergymen who kept their names on the books because their College had livings to give away. Into the gloom of these debates, a beam of light was thrown by Lord Hugh Cecil, the most spiritual among the present University representatives, who ascribed the Conservative character of the representation of Universities mainly to historical reasons, especially the traditional connection of the older Universities with the Church of England: but he predicted that the sharp cleavage between the Universities and Liberalism would pass away. There would be an immense extension of University education in the future; and it would no longer be associated with an exceptional degree of wealth or with any particular ecclesiastical opinion. Why abolish University representation because, from a merely party point of view, University representation was a trivial object in the way of the Liberal Party?

Although a good many cherished institutions have suffered a sea-change during the war, no one would have predicted that the principle of University representation would find itself fortified and given a new lease of life. The same Liberal members who, before the war, were working for the abolition of University representation were to be seen within a few short years supporting proposals for its extension and re-vivification. This happy conversion was in no sense brought about by the lessons of the war; there is no question of a rekindled faith in Universities, an educational renaissance. The facts are within recollection. In 1916, Mr. Asquith set up the Speaker's Conference on Electoral Reform, a round table at which sat the stalwarts of both political parties. A compromise on University representation was effected which with some modifications is embodied in the new Representation of the People Act. The modern Universities are granted representation, thus bringing in the new to redress the balance of the old; graduation conjoined with a modest registration fee is the basis of electoral qualification; and women graduates over the age of thirty are given the vote. Oxford and Cambridge retain two members each

London retains its single member, Wales is given a member, and the remaining English Universities are combined to form a single constituency returning two new members. The Scottish Universities are combined to form a single constituency returning three members, an increase of one over the former arrangement. Thus for Great Britain there will be eleven University members as compared with seven under the old dispensation, the principle of the transferable vote to be introduced into the elections when more than one member is to be returned. The general effect of these changes in their purely political aspects must be in the direction of balancing the party affiliations of University members.

What of the future? One may express the hope that University representation will approach more nearly in practice what it is in theory—a method, as Mr. Balfour has said, of getting into the House men of science, men of scholarship, men of special and peculiar gifts quite alien from the ordinary working politician. The Parliamentary representation of Universities is in effect a form of proportional representation. Mr. Bertrand Russell has suggested that as a protection against the tyranny of the State we must secure power for voluntary organisations consisting of men who have chosen to belong to them because they embody some purpose which all their members consider important. Parliament should be the better for a few "dog-fish" to keep alive the interest of members in such questions as the promotion of scientific research and the advancement of learning, the training of men and women for national service in a wide sense, including the civil service and local administration, the learned professions, industries and commerce. These are subjects which need their champions in the National Assembly equally with labour, co-operation, "the trade," and other interests which are able to secure representation through the ordinary channels. In the abstract, a good deal can be said in favour of this type of representation. John Stuart Mill and other serious writers on political science have emphasised the need. Whether we ought to pass from the present system of representation based mainly on localities to a system of guild representation is a question for the future. However it may be decided, the representation of Universities is a traditional application of the principle which will, it may confidently be hoped, justify itself in our future political life when social and national problems will come up for solution calling in the highest degree for wide knowledge, clear thinking, and moral courage.

Mr. Billing's Scheherazade

By the Editor

THE business or "knock-out" Government has produced a neurosis. In this sense the Billing trial is intelligible, according to the point of view, and will do good or bad in proportion. It ran on three lines: (1) Anti-Darling; (2) the Black Book; (3) hysteria; but it was won by audacity. "Billy Sunday" in America never rushed an audience quicker than Mr. Billing rushed the Court, and the jury, without a doubt, gave their verdict for the man who "trounced" the law. The public worships the man who whips the other man in a wig, and so, the time being pathologically propitious, the law fell under the shock tactics of buffoonery carried beyond the point in which the law itself habitually indulged, thus meeting its own negation. Versus Mr. Justice Darling and his conduct of the law, Mr. Billing spoke *pro* and *coram populo*.

The Black Book! Better than Marconi, it even beat Crippen as a stunt, and if the genial butcher had thought of the thing probably he would long ago have been Sir Roger Tichborne. 47,000! On national grounds, too. Who is in it? Who is not in it? It worked like Mr. Punch's stick. Whack, whack! And that was all Mr. Billing had to do. He was Mr. Punch with the Black Book stick folded in his arms.

Whenever Mr. Justice Darling sought to bring off one of his supercilious sniffs, whack came the stick, and it worked like that wonderful and delightful noise which is the traditional joy of the Judy show. The illusion was complete. Against that joke the stock jests of the Court had no crackle. The jury, apostrophised as fellow-countrymen, acted like the Greek chorus, and every time Mr. (as he then was) Hume Williams made a bid, down came Mr. Punch's truncheon, Oï, oï, oï, while Mr. Billing, now lawyer, now prisoner, played Mark Antony. Once or twice they nearly got the rope round Mr. Punch, but the stick was too much for them. Even Sir Hume Williams's grandiloquent appeal to Mr. Yellowplush on the ground that the Judge was a real "Right Hon." proved a "lemon," perhaps because the jury knew the O.B.E.'s were

coming, and that even the lady clerks, etc., were among them. Impossible to say. Sometimes Mr. Justice Darling appeared to try to assume the part of Mr. Billing, but he couldn't make the right noise, and then he hadn't the stick, though he extracted an apology from Father Vaughan. That was about all. The Black Book won. It is not in the tradition for Mr. Punch to swing. Dog Toby or B. P.—not an order, I mean the British public—expects fair play. It was joke against joke—the big joke got the verdict. Ovation! All the lawyers dumbfounded. As the policeman said when it was all over: "I expect Mr. Billing is in the Book hisself."

Why not? The Black Book is merely a book of dossiers for the use of "correctors of statistics," and, sure, able editors are in it, most politicians, and certainly all newspaper proprietors. This is the sort of thing it contains: "Sir Marmaduke Ticklington. Fairly honest, difficult of approach. Low Church, won't play golf on Sundays. Married, good family man, insular, very ambitious. Best approach, *viâ* snobbery. Chief weakness, vanity." And so on. Sometimes more. A book of characterisation. A police book, as it were. A record of public men much as a schoolmaster might keep of his boys. A spy Doomsday Book. Psychology.

Much of the other part of the case was hysteria or extravaganza. A word about the play. *Salome* is not a great play; it has literary distinction, but if any other man but Wilde had been the author the world would probably have heard little about it. In raising the question Mr. Billing has perhaps laid a ghost—the Wilde boom. It was high time. We do our dead reputations to death, but they have to die first. Psychology. Democracy. The nauseous gush about Wilde should now cease—for the duration. "I come to bury Cæsar," said our modern Anthony. Let us hope, for the sake of our sense of humour, that he really this time is buried. On the other hand, Mr. Billing has probably done Art a poor service. There is always money in the prurient side of Puritanism—at the expense of art in a country of hypocrisy. And this is the donkey the new Mark Antony has resurrected. Thus exaggeration creates exaggeration. It is Sancho Panza with "another" island.

War neurosis—that is the diagnosis. In war sensation almost naturally becomes hysteria. We have had it in bucket-

fuls. The spy mania, the gun-cement hysteria, the steam-roller, the Kadaver sensation, the hidden hand, etc., etc. The Press has wallowed in this juice of war, and now Mr. Billing has gone one better. He has *Daily Mail*-ised Mr. Justice Darling's sanctuary. He has introduced the methods of the ex-halfpenny Press into the law. He was bolder than the barristers; funnier than the Bench; more unscrupulous and more original. He himself is symptomatic. Next time it may be Parliament. Why not? It is to-day almost too tired to die with its eighty-six placemen and eighty odd sulking Irishmen, with a total salary list, including Service members, of nearly £500,000 a year. The Book might do them good. Any book on responsibility certainly would. Something, anything. Few would complain. We have to "get a new world." The process has begun. Horrible, unpleasant—perhaps? At this juncture it is disgusting. Yet it may be the only way: Mr. Punch and his stick. In a society ruled by sensation you have to shriek, or nobody listens. Always the appeal is to prejudice—hate. Marconi—the Kadaver-Anstalt—the Black Book: those who study cause and effect cannot be surprised. Mr. Billing "cubed" his newspaper and has become the politician cubist. "M'lud, it's quite true; it's in the Black Book."

To dismiss the Billing case as a phenomenon would be to ignore its significance. Mr. Billing is a gesture—of the time. He stands for defiance, for iconoclasm, as a protest against the shams and ills of the body politic.* He is a kind of newspaper article in life, and in his contempt the mob find articulacy. In ordinary times this figure would certainly find his true valuation, and would have found it in this case in the common policeman. But the times are tense. We live in blinkers. With the rod of defiance Mr. Billing wields a tangible value as against the irresponsibility of our rulers, themselves ruled by sensation, themselves the Marionettes of the Press. There is no opinion to-day, no expression. That was at once Mr. Billing's chance and justification. And that is the true significance of this Scheherazade of a trial, this ballet of a lawsuit, this travesty of proportion and English manners. It served as a protest, it should be a warning. Salome was only the Judy in the affair; the thing was sensation—mud. Partly it is the psychological reaction of the

* Mr. Billing might usefully turn his attention to our "gentlemen's schools," or "spiritism," or frenzied finance, or the morality of capitalism.

agony of the "back" in war, the outflowing of stifled emotion; partly we may see in it the play of political intention sublimated into the hysteria of war, yet essentially it remains symptomatic, and that chiefly of the country which tolerates such conditions.

Yesterday we had a scandal infinitely graver, yet no man took any notice—the Auditor-General's report on the Aircraft accounts. He could not even verify them. Question of unreceipted invoices. Millions unaccounted for. He "hoped" something would agree next time. Our money. No man held responsible. "Flapper finance," Mr. Gibson Bowles calls it. Now here is a real Black Book. Ah, but this is not a sensation. There is no *mise-en-scène* in an audit. Why, we live on credit. A little book-keeping, more or less, what of it? The "kept" Press emits a platitude, and *voilà*. Your Auditor-General is no ballet-master. He does not understand notoriety. No good. Next scandal, please. The Madsen gun! Not quite. Try another. Well, why is Mrs. Pankhurst sent to America?

She went to Russia, we know, with disastrous consequences. Which Ministry sent her? The one that sent General Smuts to Switzerland to "try" Austria, or the one that watches over the War Aims Committee, or our new *Ochranka* or Ministry of Information, which no one knows anything about? Can we discover? We can if we go to the source, the organ of her daughter, who informs us that Mrs. Pankhurst has gone to America to bring about Japanese military intervention in Russia. Is this true? I don't know. Does any man know? Do we know anything? Anything about the war, about war aims, about negotiations, about reconstruction? Occasionally we get angry, thus when we heard that France had agreed to release 128,000 prisoners on a head-for-head exchange, and that the Government professed to know nothing about it. That made us angry because we had heard something about this single control at Versailles even if we "dropped" General Robertson over it, and after the sufferings of our prisoners this isolation did seem peculiar. And so on.

Can we wonder, then, if we have breaks, excrescences, neuroses? Ought we to be surprised at the "throw up" in quantitative conditions? To question the infallibility of our

"masters" is to be dubbed a grumbler, a pro-German, a defeatist. That is their artfulness. The only escape is the counter-sensation. Out-sensationalise the sensation-mongers, and the thicket is cleared. It is the "electric" way. And so we find Mr. Billing with his Scheherazade of a lawsuit and his Black Book for a truncheon, and his fellow-countrymen of a jury who think he has saved England.

From what? That is the question. It is a real question which neither he nor we are likely to answer off-hand. Has he done good? In one sense unmistakably, in that he has milked the golden ass. He has sobered the lawyers. He has beaten the newspaper men, politicians, and propagandists, and shown them the possibilities of their own "show." And the danger of it. If sensation, or prejudice, is to be the ruling value, then his sensation is legitimate. So much he has tested. He remains the test. No doubt he owes England an apology, yet he may himself be England's apology. We cannot yet say. At least he has demonstrated the negationalism of his own portent, in which performance he has probably established a precedent. He derives from Government by Press "stunt." He has out-Heroded the whole newspaper quadrille, and reduced them almost to sobriety. By auto-suggestion. That is a new thing. And that is the moral of this fimetic extravaganza. We needed such a lesson. As the result some men may begin to think, to weigh the duties of civic responsibility. If so, his fellow-countrymen will not have acquitted him in vain. If not, then his act will probably date an era of purge and turbulent regeneration.

SPECIAL NOTICE

OUR £100 PRIZE

OWING to the large number of Essays sent in for our "League of Nations" Prize, the majority of which reached us during the last week open, it is impossible to announce the award in our July issue and to publish the Prize Essay this month, as the jury must have more time to come to a decision. The Prize Essay will, therefore, be published in the August number.

The Modern Colossus

By James J. Eaton

The international financier operating on a vast scale seems a peculiarly attractive figure to the twentieth-century mind. To-day this type of hero stalks lordly across the pages of the popular magazines. In the theatre he usurps the limelight focussed of old upon the leading lady; breathless, admiring audiences watch his dramatic "shadow" driving hard bargains of world-wide importance, and find a strange satisfaction in remarking his imperturbability, his blunt economy of words, his well-defined imperviousness to any human emotions whatsoever save those of ambition and greed. This galvanised puppet is of Anglo-American origin, like the essentially modern activities of which it is supposed to represent the genius incarnate." Yet, by a curious anomaly, the stage model of the financier—lacking flamboyant virtues and vices both—is lineal successor to the adventurer of old romance: with the acquisitiveness of the highwayman, minus his open-handed gallantry; displaying also the enterprise of the treasure-seeker in dangerous far lands, minus his reckless personal exposure to all risks; and wielding a sceptre of mightier authority than any king by divine right, but without the brave regalia of office.

Not only the catchpenny journalists and playmongers have turned their attention to the financier: some of our foremost novelists have paid him the compliment of serious study. It is only fair to recall that Dickens began it with his sketch of the great Merdle; but there is a long interval between *Little Dorrit* and Wells' *Tono-Bungay*, which contains one of the most satisfying portraits of a financier that contemporary fiction affords. Hilaire Belloc, too, has drawn some lively ironical pictures of the breed: and in *Chance* Conrad, with an ingenuity almost perverse, presents the tragedy of that sinister mediocrity, de Barral, crushed under the weight of those gigantesque concerns which he had just enough wit to initiate, but which he was not sufficiently a rogue to maintain in successful operation.

These instances we have mentioned are all, of course, pictures of fraudulent adventurers, and we may be sharply reminded that not only swindlers but honest financiers are to be found. Perhaps this is true, but, if so, it is curious that none of the latter kind have yet been immortalised in the best contemporary fiction, which aims at being a clear mirror of the life of our age. On the other hand, Conrad, collaborating with Ford Madox Hueffer in an impressionist novel, *The Inheritors*, takes pains to expose the radical immorality of "high finance." The characters in that novel are no more than vague shadows, flimsy, mystical; but the purpose of the book is daylight-clear. International finance is shown to be the canker at the heart of our civilisation, corrupting the aims of the world's best men, warping their natures and making them unconsciously the tools of the worst. The narrator reveals the spiritual tissues of our world thus poisoned. "There were greed, and self-seeking, stripped naked: but more revolting to see without a mask was that falsehood which had been hiding under the words that for ages had spurred men to noble deeds, to self-sacrifice, to heroism. What was appalling was the sudden perception that all the traditional ideals of honour, glory, conscience had been committed to the upholding of a gigantic and atrocious fraud. The falsehood had spread stealthily, had eaten its way into the very heart of creeds and convictions that we lean upon on our passage between the past and the future. The old order of things had to live or perish with a lie." *Has* to perish: for remember that the novelist speaks prophetically, and the "old order" of which he writes is still with us. It is unfortunate that so truthful a survey of this deep-seated evil of our time should be hidden away, partly enwrapped in allegory, in the pages of a comparatively unpopular novel like *The Inheritors*.

Picturesque personalities rather than principles: thus leans the capricious favour of the half-educated novel-readers and playgoers to-day. To their lax imagination the financial *entrepreneur* appears entirely enviable: he radiates power, he enjoys supreme luxury, he controls the busy world. But it is worth your while to notice that he does not command so wide a popularity as the Dick Turpins, the Francis Drakes, the Merry Monarchs of old. They were foolishly idolised by the populace, the working masses; the financier is not. He is admired by a narrower

section of the community, the middle-class, who perceive in the expedients he adopts the quick way up to spacious leisure and luxury, the short cut to the delectable land of their dreams, which they feel they could reach without tiresome effort—if only they were as clever as he. The poor see him differently, or rather with the eyes of the understanding they scarce see him at all. To them he is still a phenomenon incomprehensible as a meteor "out of the sky." The complexities of his intrigues, the ramifications of his power, fail entirely to fire their imagination, because they do not realise these things at all, living in the sphere where only brute facts count. And as for the dream of great riches to be won, it is too fantastic, a goal too far beyond the reach of the proletariat, to engender in them the illusion of actuality that intoxicates their middle-class fellows, the illusion that comes from putting oneself in the hero's shoes.

The poor, we repeat, have not followed the lead of the middle-class in this: they have not made a hero of the financier. For this very reason they are likely to prove the harsher realists when at length they complete the task to which they are now painfully addressing themselves: of finding him out. It is consoling to know that no romantic illusions, such as have always proved so valuable for bulwarks to fortify other established tyrannies of the past, will be found current among democrats when democracy really comes to grips with "high finance." The question is whether "high finance" must not perish before our new world can be built.

The World's Battle

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

In 1875 when old Moltke was planning a new attack on disarmed and vanquished France his scheme was to invade that country by the short cut through Belgium, press on to Paris, take up a position on the dominating plateau of Avron, whence the Germans could overlook the city and after a time limit, if need be, destroy it. This effected, Germany was to have dictated a treaty which would have reduced her neighbour to absolute impotence for a good half century. She would have insisted on a permanently reduced army, and meant to have imposed a crushing indemnity, payable in twenty annuities, without being permitted, as in 1871, to pay by anticipation (in other words, to keep France in a permanent state of pauperdom), and to oblige the wretched debtor to board and house 300,000 helmeted bailiffs for a score of years of untold misery and humiliation. The Prussian mind that fifty-three years ago regarded as a legitimate act of war the laying in ashes of Paris, the soul of beauty, is not likely to have changed in the year of grace 1918. The question that trembles in the balance is, of course, Has General Foch saved the city from this supreme act of vandalism by effectually barring the road by way of La Ferté-Milon and Compiègne? The tidal wave has been brought to a halt for the moment, but it has not spent itself on the strand. Rather will it before this has appeared in print come again thundering with all its terrific force against the headland formed by the Allies between Montdidier, Compiègne and Villiers-Cotterets. Will it just try to overwhelm this projection or the giant wave divide and sweep round one of the wings of the immense line with the same overpowering violence? My reading of German War doctrine induces the forecast that it will attempt both these things at the same time. For it will not be forgotten that the enemy is in possession of a "dark horse"—nearly 700,000 bayonets—ready at the psychological moment to be thrown into the swirl of battle.

Forty strong divisions, these are being as tenderly saved up for the final *dénouement* in the battle of the world as apparently are Foch's old guard. When will this momentous event take place? When Foch has made up his mind temporarily to disregard the menace to the north and hurl his old guard on to the enemy's centre, which might be caught at a few

hours' disadvantage, seeing that it will take a long night train journey to bring up Prince Ruppecht's huge command into the engaged front. But the sands are running down in the glass. I confess I am becoming somewhat sceptical of the value of this retreating strategy. Harassed commanders and troops as are the Allies covering Paris and the Amiens-Abbeville angle are naturally inclined to let go of front lines when there is a prepared line further back. Surely the moment is approaching for a counter-offensive into which every available man in the fighting line, supports, and reserves should be thrown. The enemy's push is not a continuous one. The experts have succeeded in giving artillery under the 9.2 calibre sufficient mobility for "pushes" but not for active, incessant attacks of the old familiar kind. These guns are "mobile" in a sense, but there are limits to their mobility. Because of them there comes a time when this "follow up" must stop. Then again, there are, I calculate, more than three hundred guns with the advancing enemy, with a calibre of from 12 to 15 inches, almost as powerful as the mighty Skodas that demolished the cupola forts of Liége and Maubeuge. Such a gun has to be moved in three pieces. Recently tractors have been introduced which can drag all three parts, strung together like a goods train, but even then the operation is not a simple or a comfortable one. Imagine the time occupied in shifting a "giant battery" of this mammoth ordnance twenty-five miles, and then that in "bedding" these monsters. It means a fortnight, at the least, for each "follow up." Here is where the opportunity for using the reserves, if these are in sufficient strength and at the Generallisimo's disposition, within a night's journey of Montdidier, Soissons, and Château-Thierry.

More than eighteen years past Commandant Ferdinand Foch, in a series of lectures to probationers for the Etat Major General, expounded his views on those fundamental principles of strategy which, according to Von der Goltz, "are unchanging and unchangeable." I find myself puzzled over the question: "Is the General Foch of to-day, Generalissimo of the French, British, American, Belgian, and Portuguese Armies on the Western Front, carrying out on the battlefield the doctrines to which, at the commencement of the present century, I was a listener, when he was driving them home with burning emphasis from the military professor's rostrum?" Judging by the events of the last three or four months, which in their concrete may be distinguished as "the battle of the world," it would appear that Foch's strategy in 1918

is not in accordance with the principles he preached in 1899. For in his lectures he took the field as an implacable opponent of the defensive theories of war. I find among the notes of these lectures the significant passage: "To completely achieve its double object, to be the rational end of strategic operations and the successful means of tactical success, the battle upon which the Commander means to achieve a decisive victory must be an offensive one." Under the defensive form it is indeed possible to stop the enemy's march, to forbid him to reach an immediate objective, but these results are purely negative; a purely defensive battle, even if well conducted, does not result in a victor and a vanquished. It is simply a game that must be begun over again. It is a duel in which one of the combatants does nothing but parry. From this it is an obvious corollary that the offensive, whether started at the beginning of the action or whether it follows the defensive, can alone give results. Hence the moral, "Action must be the primordial law of war." Frederick the Great said: "To make war is to attack always." Then said Major Foch, following up "old Fritz's" maxim: "Of all faults only one is infamous—inanition!" To break the will of the enemy, this is the first principle which study teaches us; to break it by an unexpected blow of supreme rigour is the first deduction from that principle. All this brings us, then, to the application of a supreme blow at one point, the principle Napoleon formulated in saying that "to be victorious it is necessary and sufficient to be stronger against a given point at a given moment," which General Foch repeated as "the action, intentional, resolute, sudden, and energetic, of masses of troops on a chosen point." And his lectures contained many maxims which now, as enunciated in 1899 by the Generalissimo, may be read with a peculiar significance. "Movement," he laid down, "is the law of strategy. No victory is possible without a rigorous command, greedy for responsibilities, and ready to hold enterprises. . . . The great events of war are never accidents." Here he revealed himself as an erudite historian as well as a profound psychologist. Surely a thrice cruel fate has decreed that Foch has, at the very ultimate hour of his country's bitter need, been unable to carry into action his own teaching. "A General," he in 1899 laid down, "must not wait for the shock—he must go and seek it." His experience this spring and summer has been the being sought for—and found—by his opponent Ludendorff. Yet what he did at the Battle of the Marne will

never be forgotten, when with such skill did he apply his theory of manœuvre based on fixed points at the Yser that he attacked with six army corps against thirteen and brought off the victory. And now, three years later, it has been his evil fortune, three times in deadly succession, to be outmanœuvred from assuring a bold offensive, or, as an alternative, even a defensive-offensive. How has this come about? Well, mainly by the most potent factor in war—that of surprise. This is the very element to which Foch has, naturally enough, given supreme importance in the lectures that I quote from. In five instalments of his *séances* in the session of 1899 he devoted the larger part to the moral effect on an army of the sudden apparition of danger, of an attack which was not foreseen. "Theoretically, the conduct of battle," he urged, "is the carrying through of the decisive attack to success, the application of an overwhelming force on one point, and, above all, that in an unexpected manner."

This is the exact policy which has been so effectively pursued, not by Foch, but by Ludendorff. The enormous reserves which Bolshevik treason had set free from the Russian and Roumanian fronts assembled between Maubeuge and Mézières. Both are between forty and fifty miles from Craonne and St. Quentin. It was certain that the impending blow must fall in one or the other direction. Yet when the reinforcement was brought up by forced marches at night and at once, in the morning, after a comparatively short but very intense artillery preparation, our defence at St. Quentin melted away—I can use no less emphatic term—as did later on, under the same conditions, the French defence of the Chemin des Dames and the Craonne plateau.

By a careful and methodical survey of roads and avenues of approach the German masses of manœuvre have been brought up during the night, while the short but intense artillery preparation was in progress, so as to attack with the requisite suddenness at daybreak. That the enemy, who excel in perfecting other people's ideas and inventions, would this spring do the same thing on a "Kaiser battle" scale that we did last winter at Cambrai had not, according to the logic of after events, entered into the calculations of General Foch. And even now that Ludendorff's tactics, copied and with improvements from the object-lesson of the Cambrai affair, are no longer a surprise, it still appears possible for masses of specially trained and equipped battalions of assault, covered by an extremely mobile corps of trench mortars, to

break through the strongest defences at what should have been easily foreseen points to a depth of twenty miles.

Now, one wonders, will Foch be able to materialise his reserves in force to block the corridor to Paris, that egress between the Oise and the Marne? An attack in mass by the Crown Prince, or whoever his military "nurse" is on the strong ground of Lassigny, will be the precursor of the opening of the Oise gap to the capital. The obvious action of the enemy now is a thrust on the west of Lassigny which would force our allies to yield a long stretch of the valley downstream from Noyon. And, of course, another evident thrust to the immediate west of Château-Thierry simultaneously with the capture of the forest of St. Villers Cotterets must be imminent. In this connection it must be remembered that fighting in forest country, such as that in which sections of the present struggle for the capital is raging, is a quality of warfare quite different from the normal conditions of either open or positional campaigns. In its way it is a reversion to the most primitive type of warfare, reminiscent of that of our North American colonists and the Redskins.

The power of mass manœuvres and long-range small-arm fire are alike suspended, and everything depends on the intelligence of the individual soldier and the ready initiative of his company leaders. Here the French infantry is all to the good, as compared with Fritz, who only excels when he feels Hans comfortably close to him. For the solid blocks of discipline-driven Hun humanity is peculiarly susceptible to the auto-suggestion of the crowd. But after the lessons of the first battle of Ypres, when among the trees and undergrowth of the wood in rear of the Gheluvelt ridge the German mass formations lost sense of direction and were brought to a disastrous standstill, it is certain that the High Command will endeavour to avoid woodland fighting like the plague. For a wood is often more dangerous to hold than to abandon, because it most generally can be easily outflanked and surrounded without giving its garrison opportunity to escape. The more tenaciously our Allies hold on to the woodland country which characterises the Noyon-Compiègne region the better the German High Command will be pleased, for its view in things great and small is moulded on the teaching of von Moltke.* Speaking on the solution of a certain strategic problem to a class of staff officers, the great Field-Marshal said: "Some gentlemen occupy the strip of wood

* General Stab-Kriegsgeschichtliche Abteilung.

in order to await the enemy there. Gentlemen, that strip of wood is almost three and a half miles long, and so of far too great an extent. In doing so they almost seem to have an intention of drawing the enemy's special attention upon themselves. Woods are not healthy, they can most generally be converted into death-traps, if the artillery knows its business. At Sedan a battalion of Zouaves were destroyed in a wood." Therefore we should not count on that natural feature proving a substantial obstacle to the enemy's advance, although the correspondents at the Front insist that it will offer an excellent opportunity of taking full and dreadful toll of the Hun tidal wave. But I am afraid—writing on June 14th—that the enemy's leaders are not likely to forget that "woods," in Moltke's dry phrase, "are not healthy."

The new German grand tactics, the strategic objective of which is the separation and administering of a "knock-out" cumulative blow (not Lloyd George's) to the Allied Armies, depend mainly on the element of surprise. The creation of the new system of launching under cover of an exceedingly violent but short artillery fire a mass of manœuvre brought up swiftly and secretly from the rear is falsely ascribed by our experts to von Hutier, but the real author is General Friedrich von Bernhardi. This redoubtable enemy of England wrote 15 years before the war: "The secret concentration from a distant point behind our fighting lines having been effected during the night preceding the attack, the offensive manœuvre must burst forth like lightning from the cloud. To make this possible, the attack must be prepared with the greatest care, tables of marches elaborated with absolute clearness and the service of supply assured." It is the merest commonplace to remark that to counter this system the "cloud" must be pierced. Here aerial reconnaissance (and it is a significant fact) has so far failed to make good. And in the meantime shall we wait?

N.B.—I have to express my regret to Lt.-Col. J. F. C. Fuller that in the April and May numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW I should have unwittingly used, without acknowledgment, certain passages from an anonymous article in the *Royal United Service Institute Journal*, which I now find were written by that officer. The quotations in question were reproduced in this REVIEW from notes made by me a couple of years ago, but unfortunately I had no means of identifying their authorship, for which omission I gladly tender my apologies.

(Signed) C. DE BREZE DARNLEY-STUART-STEPHENS.

The Balance of War is Statesmanship

By Austin Harrison

The two fundamental principles underlying the teachings of Clausewitz are:—(1) That war must always be regarded as a political instrument; (2) that the supreme art or act of judgment of leadership in war, whether military or political, is correctly to understand the meaning and nature of the war in which it is engaged, the supreme fault of leadership being to take it for, or to try to make of it, something which it is not. In other words, whereas tactics are purely military, the strategy of war is at once military and political, seeing that war is the instrument of politics, and any theory, therefore, which neglected this dual function of control is a contradiction of reality. Thus if the secret of great generalship is common sense, it is also the quintessence of statesmanship. And if the condition of success is a right beginning, what is called the strategic initiative, so the whole art of war is to know when to make peace. In war, then, of equal importance with force and its application is the control behind the armies—that is, military statesmanship.

In the present war the neglect of these two principles has been its outstanding feature; in the early days flagrantly on the part of the enemy, on our part continuously. The Germans began the war on a false psychological diagnosis, their conviction being that Britain would not depart from her historical *rôle* of limited liability in war, and that the swiftness of the decision would preclude the danger of our intervention in force. This wrong premise led them to break the rights of international law and march into Belgium, where they met with determined and unexpected resistance. The act lost Germany the sympathy of the world, and she has never regained it. As premises based on faulty judgment inevitably court failure, so this initial error led to a policy of errors culminating in the defiance of moral law. Thus Germany lost from the outset what Clausewitz laid down as the governing motive and principle of war, its political instrument, as the result of neglect, and as the mistake grew with her contempt of it, so also grew the moral or political condemnation of the world, until to-day it may be said fairly that Germany has ostracised herself before humanity and so pronounced her own sentence.

Bismarck would never have committed so gross an initial

blunder. The three axioms of statecraft laid down by the Queen Catherine, who was a German—"conjecture, circumstance, and conjuncture"—should have taught the Germans that Britain, the land of Free Trade and public sanction, would never have tolerated the violation of treaty rights, and by the very nature of that equipoise known as the "balance of power" could never submit to its destruction. But Clausewitz had long been unlearnt by the Germans, who, in the delirium of their philosophy of violence, had come to see in it not only the solution of what they regarded as Germanic Europe, but the historical moral justification.

The relationship between war as a theory and war as an *instrument* had thus been overlooked, thereby setting up that arbitrary distinction which Clausewitz defined as a contradiction of reality, or the great mistake. War had become to the Germans not a sanction or political instrument, but a theoretic Right; as it were, a biological law. That is a necessity, an "independent act," the very thing that their wise military instructor had always warned them against. In the offence there was no sanction because it was an imposition; it encountered, rightly, universal opposition. The balance or poise of statesmanship was thrown away, and only force remained. But force breeds force. Such a challenge meant nothing less than the test of civilisation, and was so accepted. It is still at this hour the problem of mankind. Yet neither the Germans nor, for a long while, did the Allies realise this. Both sought to end the war on the face value of the challenge rather than on the value of its moral or political relationship with life, and in the process the purely physical side became more and more arbitrary or independent, and so more and more a contradiction of reality.

In the elimination of policy or the instrument the Germans not only lost their own corrective poise, but they caused us to lose ours. The war gradually developed into a "dog fight," which means the refusal of statesmanship. The means and end became synonymous, which is an obvious contradiction; it has been summed up here as the "knock-out." Perhaps as the reaction to the sheer cynicism of the challenge, partly, no doubt, owing to the vast complexity and multiplicity of the struggle, policy began to forfeit all reason of state, and with it all balance of control. The war was all, the whole independent act of the forces concerned. In its fury, civilisation, too, forgot the instrument. It became the fashion not only to discard all thought of policy, but to denounce it, as

if war itself was the policy, or the end towards the means. And this meant extremism or disproportion. In seeming contradiction of its own reason of opposition, the civilisation of law saw only military, less and less political or moral, values, thus falling into the same mistake as the Germans: who have profited accordingly. The end ceased to interest in the stress of the convulsion, though by the very fact of the enemy's elimination of political poise—without which strategy must necessarily be blinded—the way and nature of the Allied policy in its relationship to war were the clearer outlined even as they became the sharper distinguished. The war was seen less and less as an instrument or end of civilisation, less and less as a supreme act of judgment on behalf of the sanction and benefit of the race, but more and more, to quote Clausewitz, "something which from its nature it cannot be."

This would, no doubt, have been controverted a little time ago, but to-day, in the face of the repeated statements motiving America's entry into the war, it can scarcely be disputed. We may go further and say that not until America's intervention did the Allies possess a concerted policy or direction. Not until Mr. Wilson's exalted words heralding a new spirituality and a new ethic of state were the Allies inspired by any singleness of design either as regards the means towards the end or the end itself. Up till then all was opportunism, without balance, and the results were corresponding. That is to say, the strategy—and by that I imply the military-political interplay of direction—produced no automatic results because the thought was arbitrary and not interbalanced. This weakness is, of course, the defect of all alliances, and always has been so. National pride, psychology, sensitiveness; interests which are not necessarily identical; the inevitable ignorance of idiosyncrasy, language, custom, tradition—these disabilities have no common denominator, Granted that the difficulty of war is deflection, it is easy to see that in an alliance so great as ours deflections become the paramount danger, as has been the case. All the more imperative, therefore, should the Allies have understood the necessity of preserving at least the poise and balance of the objective.

And this weakness has been the enemy's greatest general. We can test this by a few examples. Take Roumania and her entry into the war. Now here the question was essentially political, *not military*, as we wrongly assumed, for the whole point of Roumania as a military asset was not her potential striking power, but the balance of her co-operation in its

relation with Russia. Unfortunately, there was no military statesmanship. The real question was Russia—Russia's then Imperial interests or policy, which, as we now know, were strongly antagonistic to the creation of a Greater Roumania. It was consequently pre-eminently a matter of political judgment. Yet we did not think so, so arbitrary or independent had become the continuity of our thought. The soldiers wanted a diversion, the question of policy seems hardly to have been considered, and so Roumania was induced to strike. Almost immediately the error of judgment made itself felt. The Russians (we now know) deliberately failed to support her, and so, instead of striking southwards in conjunction with the Russian armies, Roumania was left to embark upon a quixotic campaign in isolation in Transylvania, with catastrophic consequences to herself and to the whole strategic situation.

As an example of deflection, it is a classic of the war. With and supported by Russia, Roumania's intervention after Verdun and the severe blow delivered by us on the Germans at the Somme might have altered the course of the war; but without Russia such intervention was foredoomed, and should never have been sanctioned. That and our incomprehensible neglect to hold in force the Serbian side of the Danube may well be regarded as the two fatal political or strategic mistakes of the war.

For both were political, *it being the business of Government rightly to understand the war it is engaged upon.* We may take as another example the defection of Russia. From the beginning we made the amateurish mistake of taking Russia for something that she was not; hence the grand illusion of the "steam-roller." We fell into this mistake again simply through neglect of understanding that war is a political instrument, and that if we think wrongly the result must, by the very nature of things, be accidental. Now Russia was not an ethnic unity; she was in 1914 a political amalgam (to quote Dr. E. J. Dillon) "of conflicting nationalities and mutually conflicting classes knit together by awe of Imperial authority and the pressure of an omnipotent bureaucracy." The key to Russia's efficient co-operation was therefore political, not military, because she was only a military coefficient so long as she was under the thraldom of the Tsarist *régime*, which already in 1914 was shaken and jeopardised. In a word, Russia could not be trusted to move on our, or parallel, lines, for the true expression of Russia was Revolution, not war,

the war being rather the outward escape of Imperialism from the turmoil and disintegration within.

The "steam-roller" was the misnomer of ignorance of Russian conditions. Yet neither the Governments of England nor of France considered this vital condition of the Alliance. They took Russia for granted, though at least they might have remembered that they themselves furnished the Tsar with the loan that enabled him to crush the Liberal movement in 1906, and that Russian history, standard of civilisation, and psychology were warnings in themselves sufficient. As a fact, Russia's military co-operation depended solely on success, because it depended on the *régime*. After the great Russian defeats the problem of Russia's co-partnership hung upon the movement within, as ought to have been anticipated and resolutely faced. We made the hideous mistake—a mistake of sincerity which posterity will certainly denounce—of seeing in Russia the Tsar, and in the Tsar our own cause. When he fell, the collapse of Russia was inevitable. Even then we thought merely in the rigid military sense, and forced her to fight, thereby precipitating the cataclysm, perhaps thinking of the regalvanisation of revolutionary France under Napoleon—a curious mistake for a civilisation to make in the battle for nationality and freedom. The truth is, we lost Russia through complete neglect of the first principle of statesmanship in war; we had no statesmanship, we took Russia for what we would like to have taken her for. In short, Government behind the armies failed to understand the war.

If Russia was the Allied main support in the first three years of war—and she was the saviour of France and of Europe—she was always their chronic danger even as she was the potential determinant of victory. Militarily, therefore, policy was from the opening day of war an essential. Our confusion lay primarily in the conflicting moral values of the association. Morally, our association with Tsarist Russia was illogical, for there was no true bond or nexus of association; hence that association was, in its own despite, necessarily military or independent. It precluded political spirituality, and so political strategy, in that neither the inspiration nor the sanction were identical. In our case it was the people who took up arms; in Russia the people took up arms by order, and for the order, of the Tsar. We may admit now frankly that it was a moral misalliance governed by right of a common self-preservation. Russia was thus a case for that

quality of judgment which may be defined as statesmanship. We showed none. On the contrary, we did not even try to understand the cause of Russia's disintegration. We took neither a historical nor an actual view. We assumed her virtue. In the equation of hate we lost all historical proportion and judgment. Our values were wrong, and consequently we had no latitude or policy. As with Roumania, we treated Russia purely militarily—that is, arbitrarily. It is even so to-day. Though Russia is "unbound," potentially a democracy, we have not recovered association. We have not because we have not recovered our own freedom of judgment and balance, which is of the essence of military statesmanship : which, again, is the art of war. Enmeshed in our original insincerity, we are unable to regain our poise, and so the union has become a disunity held together only in theory by the democratic cry of America.

It would be interesting to examine this theme in its connection with pure strategy and see whether on this line of thought the so-called Eastern school was not in the early years of the war militarily justified. For if the weakness of the Alliance was a Russia isolated for all practical purposes from the Allies and with a low industrial intensity, the question whether at all costs connection ought not to have been made through Turkey or the Balkans with Russia is one which to-day may well be regarded as controversial. Undoubtedly such connection could have been made, as it was attempted in the hasty Gallipoli expedition, which failed because it was a hasty expedition carried out with insufficient means and forces. But this question cannot be pursued here. We may note finally in this respect the failure on our part to intercept the *Goeben* in the opening days of the war, which lost us Turkish neutrality.

Now as statesmanship or judgment is indispensable for the right conduct of war, still more is it necessary for the right ending of war, seeing that the whole aim of war is constructively peace or a policy. If the war is amoral, as on the part of the enemy we think it is, then clearly the object of the opposition is correction—*i.e.*, morality; this, then, is our *rôle* and objective. Here again the main thing is to understand the war, without which there can be no central direction. Few will contend that we have understood the war, as has been instanced in the lapses and incredible mishaps even in its military conduct. Now conduct and direction are indissociable. Faulty conduct where political strategy is con-

cerned implies a confusion of objective; in other words, friction or a poor direction. The unthinking may object that we lost Russia because the Russians betrayed our cause, but this is superficial thought. We lost Russia because we did not take the trouble to understand her—that is, the war; and because, in the absence of a clear and commonly understood objective, the natural disparity of interest, race, and civilisation proved at the clash stronger than the artificial unit. That is always the chance of war, and for that reason opportunism or slovenly thinking is not enough.

The Germans always reckoned upon Russia's collapse from the results of military pressure, and it was for that reason that the weight of the German blows was directed invariably on the East; we ignored that eventuality. Yet had we taken a historical view of the war, nationally as it affected the interests and movements of our respective Allies, internationally as it affected the whole, and, as the south wind returns to its circuits, symbolised and incarnated the common aim, it is hard to believe that emancipated Russia would have turned from her sacrifice to surrender, as was the case at the fall of Tsardom. We must now accept the truth, and it is that unbound Russia left us because, spiritually, we had left her. We failed to seize the unexampled moral opportunity presented to Europe through a free Russia because we failed to understand the spirituality of our own war. The elasticity of government had been forfeited, hence there was no resiliency. Our aims were secret, imperialist, material. We, too, had lost our soul in the dynamics. Faced suddenly with a new orientation, we found we had forgotten the key to all strategy—common sense. Revolutionary Russia turned from us because of the secret treaties; because we refused to denounce them. We did not because of that error of judgment which had failed to maintain the poise of aim and direction and so left us, as it were, without judgment. New Russia no longer had the necessary enthusiasm or affinity. As we had failed to move with her spirit, so we had none to offer her. We could not fill her with fresh enthusiasm, for we ourselves had only the old enthusiasm. We had counted on finality—but there is no such thing. *Government had not understood the war.*

The politics of the war, which to-day we may say are enunciated only from America. From Mr. Wilson we gather a new enthusiasm, a new world wisdom; here we have only caught the rhetoric of emotionalism. This figure of speech

(the knock-out) is not, and cannot be, our objective, for the obvious reason that its entire implication is a negative. But the whole object of war is a positive, because the cause of all war is political, not solely, or in any absolute sense, physical. It is only the illusion of war which seems to dissipate the political or moral objects, yet in this war the whole objective is moral, more so perhaps than in any war in history, for it may rank as the great war of conscience. Now if this is so —and all our battle-cries iterate the truth in unison—it stands to reason that our true objective is not physical, but cultural; and if that again is so, then equally it is obvious that our statesmanship, too, must be cultural. That means political.

When therefore men cry out at the idea of what is derided as a "German peace offensive" without knowing what the enemy has to offer, they are failing in the first principle of war, which is to understand it. They are fanaticising the means while losing sight of the end. They are refusing judgment or the essential understanding of their cause, and in so doing they are committing the very mistake that the enemy made in his challenge of public morality. One of the chief difficulties in a struggle of this magnitude is to find a common equation. Now territorial issues seem to be all-important—thus Alsace-Lorraine; now imperial associations seem to be the pivot—thus Africa; now it is nationality—thus Poland, Serbia, the Jugo-Slav aspiration, Italian reclamation; and, again, it seems an issue between two implacably hostile groups of civilisations, the British and the German; to-day, it would appear capitalistic.

None of these have a common equation. Few of them can even be decided on common principles. The very principle of nationality, which appeared so simple and applicable at the outset, is to-day admitted to be fraught with almost insoluble difficulties, as we have discovered in the case of Ireland; as Russia realises in her own decomposition; as with the enemy it is real and historical in the case of the Low Germans.

If war is a means to an end—and no man would pretend that it is an end in itself, non-intelligent therefore—clearly the more the belligerents understand the nature of that end the greater is the likelihood of its attainment. In a war waged publicly in the name of democracy this would indeed appear a truism, as in the country where this claim is the loudest a necessity; but this war is utterly beyond the comprehension of the multitudes, and the truth is that all catchwords are

solecisms. To quote a few: "War to end war," "Democratic freedom," "Liberty, nationality, justice," etc., and perhaps even the most hopeful of phrases, the "League of Nations" itself. These words are the flags of war. To-day they no longer help towards a solution without understanding.

The whole morality of the war has become a tangle of deflections, of hatred and animosity, jealousies and interests, in which the enemy seems to have the clearer direction in the absence of any defined and properly accredited direction on our part. In the conduct of the war our mistakes, due to this want of direction, have been his luck, and he has thus been able to fight us in detail. The entry of the *Goeben* through the Straits, the Danube, Roumania, Russia—these have been his real victories, and in every case he has turned them to the full strategic advantage. But for them he would ere now be a prisoner, if not already brought down to the needful point of correction. But there is still opportunity for further mistakes. The faction which controls and would throw all on the gamble of force is getting ready to make yet one more colossal blunder with Japanese intervention in Russia, which morally would leave us without a case. Only if Russia solicits help is there any justification for such a travesty of the word liberty. To penalise Russia for her deliration after she has saved us and Europe from crushing disaster would be the crowning act of stupidity and would amoralise the whole war. Militarily, too, it is calculated to lead to a Russo-German Alliance, thereby prolonging the war indefinitely. And this would be the contradiction of all reality and so the negation of our cause. But there are signs of an awakening conscience as against the theorists who seem to imagine that war is a theorem, like our newspaper "experts." General Smuts is reported to have said the other day at Glasgow: "We are not fighting for that victory [the knock-out]—that is not our view of victory." Also there is this pronouncement from France. The *Journal des Débats* wrote recently: "Neither France nor any other of the Allies has any interest to serve in refusing point-blank any suggestion of peace from whatever source it may come. If an opportunity occurs for us to say how we understand this peace, we ought to seize it. . . . Do not let us fear to enter into discussions as to conditions of peace. Rather let us seek them. . . . The time is too serious for our policy to be handed over to devil-may-cares and gamblers. Now more than ever it ought to be deliberate, clear-sighted, and prudent." Any other view of war is either

merely theoretic, in which case it is unscientific; or amateurish, in which case it is meaningless, and should not be necessary to discuss.

The sum and substance is that if war is the continuation of policy, then policy or understanding must obviously be its end, the truth of which axiom is unquestionably borne out by nearly all wars in history. Nor can anything alter this. There can be no final destruction, therefore the end must inevitably be agreement. War, then, is an instrument of politics or government. Accept this definition, and it follows that the duration of war depends upon policy. Policy, therefore, in war, or military statesmanship, is thus as indispensable to its right conduct as it is necessary to its successful conclusion, nor without it is force an intelligent instrument. It is to make war for war's sake, which is no longer the German attitude or, presumably, ours.

To recapitulate. Germany has achieved her victories so far through the Allied mistakes—that is, through our neglect of the statesmanship of war. As the French used to say two years ago: "There are too many Allies." Unfortunately, we did not learn the lesson. To-day we have too many aims. At this hour no man could say what precisely our minimum aims are because we have only thought in the maximum. That, as I have tried to show, is the inherent weakness of our cause and its direction, and already it has cost us dear. It will cost us far dearer yet if we cannot recover that composite relationship between means and end, or war and policy, that is as regular in its incidence as the laws of cause and effect, and without which the war cannot be understood. Not to understand the war is to be uncertain in the objective, which, again, necessarily implies weakness in the direction. This has been our misfortune from the beginning; it still is our misfortune.

We have, then, to recover the quintessence of strategy—common sense: *balance*. The first step obviously is to denounce the secret treaties, which to-day are an anomaly. We can then make up our minds what it is that we all severally and collectively want. But this can only be done by sincerity and understanding. And this should be the business of Government. The danger here is real, for it lies in the complex deflections of misunderstanding. To remove it we must have statesmanship or balance. To get that, again, we must have the mind or Government which understands the war; which has the freedom and judgment, therefore, to know both how and when to end it.

Books

FICTION

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER. By REBECCA WEST. Nisbet. 5*s*. net.

THIS book is interesting because it is at once a failure and a success; the former from the critical standpoint, which is the author's own faculty, a success quite curiously attractive, that is to say, as an idea. And this should carry it through. The idea is so much. From all that side Rebecca West has written a brilliant book. As a subject it lends itself essentially to pathological study, but here the author escapes her responsibility through a form which is strongly derivative of Henry James. Even his favourite adjective "tremendous" figures reminiscently, and this form of the egotistical enables the author to paint rather than interpret, as Conrad, for instance, would have handled the theme. In a word, Miss West obtains her end by intellectual writing; sometimes this is admirable, always it is alive, and there are patches almost of greatness. The psychology of the tale seems queer, for the wife is a terrible goose, and her omission to use the natural arm of womanhood—the child—on her husband is unconvincing to a degree, for this is instinct wherein no woman fails. Again, the old love is represented in fifteen years to have become an old woman—surely an exaggeration. Miss West declares that the childless have the greatest joy in children, to which one can only say—Amen! this shows that Miss West is still gloriously young, and has still heaps to learn. In this novel we have an example of the essayist at work in a technique foreign to temperament. Things are on the surface; they do not arise from beneath. However, we only criticise because the author is worth criticising, and all the more, therefore, worth reading.

NINE TALES. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. Nisbet. 5*s*. net.

MR. DE SELINCOURT'S work is extremely difficult to characterise; the charm of it is elusive, and those who want an appreciative analysis must be referred to the six-page introduction by Mr. Harold Child. Enough for the moment to recognise the fine individual quality of this writer's mind as exhibited in his unhurrying, undelaying prose. The undertone is the thing; it is a sort of "Burhido," a captaincy of one's soul, clean and responsive to a tangled but tremendously significant universe. Naturally this aim does not make for conventional story-telling, and Mr. de Selincourt's audience will be more significant by its qaulity than its numbers; but the numbers will surely grow.

MISSING. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Collins. 6*s*. net.

REALISTIC stories of modern days must sound the note of tragedy which touches all sections of society. A war-love novel cannot have a happy ending, because no women can count their men as safe. *Missing* is true to life, and gives us a vivid and stirring picture of what is happening to thousands of war brides, who snatch a brief hour of happiness and

drink the cup of sorrow to the last dreg all within a month—a year, as the case may be. The characterisation of the charming little wife and the gallant young husband whom we meet first on a brief honeymoon in the Lake District is cleverly done, and by way of contrast Mrs. Humphry Ward has given us an admirable study in the selfish, soulless, domineering sister of the bride, whose unspeakable cruelty in keeping the wife from her dying husband is unforgivable. The subsidiary characters are all excellently well done, the pictures of Westmorland and the battlefields of France are authentic, and the whole story grips as a work of actuality.

SOCIAL.

A Book of Remarkable Criminals. By H. B. Irving. Cassell. *7s. 6d.* net.

The world knows little of its greatest men, and, I fancy, remembers little (once the sensational headlines of the daily Press have become tinder for the morning fire) of its more notorious rogues. It is to remedy, in part, this defect that Mr. Irving, with whom crime—of other people—has long been a successful hobby, has written this most entertaining volume. For "criminals," indeed, one might read "murderers," since nothing less than the taking of human life qualifies for inclusion in Mr. Irving's rather grim company of villains. Charles Peace (admitted figurehead in the profession of homicide), Professor Webster, Mr. Holmes (also of the U.S.A.), the Widow Gras, and a dozen other sinister and enthralling persons have here ample justice done to their exploits and character. In bulk, perhaps, the effect of such society may be a trifle overwhelming; taken a little at a time, you will find the remarkable criminals, as Mr. Irving tells of them, remarkably stimulating company.

N.B.—In our review of Dr. E. J. Dillon's book on Russia last month it was stated that the author had revealed himself as in the service of Count de Witte. Dr. E. J. Dillon has written to say that this is a mistake. He was never at any time in the service of Count de Witte. We gladly print this rectification.

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Men and Moods

BY EDWARD ANTON

I HAVE just delivered myself from one of those "moods" to which, as a Celt, I am somewhat liable.

I wish to emphasize that I "delivered myself," which describes the process exactly. Time was when I waited for my moods to pass: now I end them at will. It means much to me, and it is one of the many reasons why I think so highly of Pelmanism as an instrument of self-mastery.

All of us suffer—consciously or unconsciously—from "moods," in great or less degree. And the man or woman who has learnt the secret of mood-mastery has acquired knowledge which not only adds largely to his or her working capacity, but also to the capacity for interest, pleasure, and even happiness.

"Moods" are the fog-banks of the mind, impeding progress and perverting vision. They are induced by a diversity of causes, into the nature of which it is not my intention to inquire here: it is their effect that I am presently considering.

If I illustrate my remarks by reference to my own case, it will, I hope, be understood that I do so, not from egotism, but from a desire to speak from experience.

A retrospective survey of my forty-odd years of existence shows me that, up to the date of my introduction to the Pelman Course, I have been greatly the victim of "moods": gloomy moods, impulsive moods, irritable moods, lavish moods, irresponsible moods, moods of inexcusable optimism, moods of the deepest self-distrust. And I dare say there are many thousands of men and women who, whether they recognize it or not, are equally handicapped by their wretched perversions of mentality which we call "moods."

"I CAN'T HELP IT."

"I can't help it," we often say, "it's my nature." Just so have I often attempted to excuse myself for a word or an action which I could not defend. "It's my nature!"

We libel "nature" and we belittle ourselves in uttering such an infamous phrase. It is not "nature" that is to blame: it is our self-ignorance. The majority of us, successful or unsuccessful, are deplorably ignorant of those forces which constitute our personality and make us individuals. Strange that in an age which prides itself upon its spirit of investigation we should have been so remiss in getting to know what there is to be known about *ourselves!*

But Pelmanism is changing all this, and in doing so is showing us not only how to abolish certain undesirable moods, but even teaching us how to produce other moods which are desirable and profitable.

Let us get back to our "awful example"—myself. I was most conscious of my handicap where it affected my work. When I was "in the mood" for work I worked well; but the "moods," alas! were all too infrequent. They would come unannounced and would depart abruptly; I could not depend upon myself.

That disability has been conquered thanks to Pelmanism, and I may, without affectation, claim to be able to produce my best standard of work at will. There is no need to dilate upon the enormous advantage this has been to me—an advantage which I can translate, not only in terms of £ s. d. (the usual criterion), but, what is of more significance to me, in sentiment and self-esteem.

Even upon those occasions when I could honestly say that my "mood" had been partly, if not wholly, induced by bad health, I have found "Pelmanising" result in an astonishing betterment: enabling me to overcome my mental inertia, and, by reaction, improving my physical condition.

This may probably seem difficult of belief to some readers, but there are the simple facts—and they are amply corroborated by the voluntary evidence of hundreds of other "Pelmanists."

Let us take another phase—the dissatisfied, restless mood which, intervening, makes work, pleasure, interest, or recreation impossible; "a feeling that you don't know what you want," as I have heard it described. Here again I have achieved conquest, and am able to put the "mood" to rout as soon as I am conscious of it. How much that has meant to me in the last few years it would be difficult to estimate.

Irritability—another supposedly "natural" feeling—was a severe handicap which I have successfully "Pelmanised," but here the battle is not yet completely won. Of the ultimate issue, however, I have not the slightest doubt.

The net result is to give me a feeling of power that I never remember possessing previously—not even in my supremely confident boyish days. I *know* now what I can make myself do—and I do it. I do not wait miserably upon Chance, Mood, Circumstance, Environment, or any other of the bogies which cripple and nullify human effort—I appoint my work, I command my mood, and I achieve satisfaction.

Let me repeat that these notes are penned in no egotistical spirit. I want readers of the English Review to realize that "Pelmanism" may well represent something of far more moment to them, personally, than they may have yet realized. It is simply the impossibility of explaining in a page or two the immense range of limitless possibilities of the System which compels certain popular phases of "Pelmanism" to receive more frequent mention than others.

Ability to induce a working mood at will is a distinctly valuable gain, but there are others. The Pelmanist who faithfully applies the principles of the Course can don a mood suited to every occasion. Interest, sympathy, criticism, appreciation, contemplation—all these various moods or mental attitudes may be cultivated; perhaps not always with the same degree of success, but invariably to a certain degree.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Confidence is, probably, the mood which most matters for the majority of men and women, and I will quote what was recently written upon

this matter by a Pelman student (a traffic manager on a big Northern Railway System):

"The Pelman Course breathes confidence from the beginning . . . confidence to attain the object in view, confidence in what the student is taught, and confidence in himself.

"What self-confidence means can only be appreciated by those who have known the lack of it. To have failed—not from lack of ability, but from lack of self-confidence—at a time which marked the making or the marring of a career, is an agony which takes a long time to drive from the mind. . . .

"To the self-doubter the Pelman Course is a boon and a blessing. It opens a new outlook on life, it sends one forth rejoicing in a new-found strength. I am—I *ought*—I CAN."

Those are words written straight from the heart; they should be well pondered by every man and every woman who has so far failed to find a footing on the ladder of success.

The financial, business, and professional advantages have been so much explained and so liberally evidenced that, I suppose, no reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW requires further assurance on that matter from my pen. Equally, enough has been said of the "pull" which Pelmanism confers upon the Army or Navy officer or man. I regard these triumphs —solid and substantial as they are—as "theatrical effects" compared with the deep and lasting change which the study of this remarkable System can and does produce in the inner life of the individual.

Financial, business, professional, and social considerations do not represent the main considerations in life. Our vocations and our social amenities constitute but a part of our daily lives. It is of infinitely greater importance to be able to command a happy, contented frame of mind, to be able to take a living interest in the world around us, to be able to develop and control *ourselves*, than it is to double our incomes or achieve professional advancement.

Thus, for the time being, I set commercial inducements aside and invite readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW to consider the matter of Pelmanism from the *higher* plane. Every man and every woman with a proper degree of self-pride can, and should hasten to, profit by the adoption of the simple and scientifically sound principles laid down in the Pelman Course.

It is profoundly true that, as a student of the Course recently said, "If people only realized what Pelmanism was capable of effecting for them, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

There are, perhaps, a hundred strictly personal reasons why each or any reader of this article should become a Pelmanist, and I venture the statement that, if he or she realized it, any *one* of those hundred reasons would be sufficient *if he or she could be brought to realize it!* I have never yet met the man or woman who, having studied Pelmanism, has been in the least degree disappointed.

"UNSEEING EYES."

And now I will turn to another phase: the advantages of a Pelman Course in developing the faculties of Observation and Perception. I have known many people who were given to pride themselves upon

being "observant." A very slight test was, in many cases, sufficient to convince them that they were, in reality, *un*observant: they had that "unseeing eye" which refuses to see unless by the special direction of its owner. And there were others who had the "unseeing eye" in other ways.

A day or two ago I was discussing with a garden-loving friend the beauties of various familiar flowers and I happened to refer to that common saxifrage—"London Pride."

He looked at me in some astonishment, and remarked: "I should not call an insignificant flower like that *beautiful.*"

I went out into the garden and returned with a flower-stem, which I asked him to examine closely. He did so, and, after a moment or two, said: "Well, I must confess I am surprised: I had no idea that this tiny flower was so pretty. Why, it's as handsome as a miniature lily."

I am not recalling the incident with any intention of suggesting the formation of a League for the Admiration of Microscopic Flowers. The point I wish to make is that we miss much by our habit of bestowing no more than a glance upon familiar objects—be they great or small.

Our eyes, as avenues of pleasurable or of useful knowledge, are sadly atrophied; so, too, are our ears, our noses, our senses of taste and touch. In the five senses we possess agents to minister to our pleasures, our interests, and our happiness; but we sadly neglect them.

It is, I suppose, part and parcel of the so-called "education" which, in most cases, attempts to inform us of *everything except ourselves.*

When Pope wrote that

"the proper study of Mankind is Man"

he wrote something capable of a deeper interpretation than is usually attempted.

We *ourselves*—our bodies, our minds, our sensations, our emotions—should form almost the first subject of our studies. No man can use an implement or a machine with proper effect until he *understands* his implement and its powers and purpose. And the "human machine" is the most wonderful and complicated mechanism of all.

We are filled with delusions and superstitions about ourselves; particularly with regard to that supreme possession of man—*the brain.* If the average man knew as much about the functions and potentialities of his own brain as he does, say, about his bicycle, his watch, or the plants which grow in his garden, life would assume a new meaning.

It is because Pelmanism is rapidly and wonderfully changing the whole outlook and widening the mental horizon for many thousands of men and women that I am incessantly trying to spread the Gospel of Pelmanism. I would like to see every man and woman in these islands a "Pelmanist."

Many, who have already become so, have been primarily allured to a study of "the little grey books" by the hope of business or professional advancement and gain in income, for the cash interest is, by force of circumstances, the prime interest for the majority.

But it is pleasant to know, as I do know, that a large proportion of those who "Pelmanised" with a view to enlarging their salaries have not only been fully satisfied in that respect—some of them give astonishing evidence in that direction—but they have also discovered, to their

infinite delight and astonishment, what I always call the "higher values" of Pelmanism.

I mean those aspects of Pelmanism which have a direct bearing upon the intellectual and spiritual side of life. I think it is infinitely more to the credit of the Pelman Course that it should have opened the doors of intellectual interest for a single individual than that it should double or treble the earnings of a thousand.

Money is not to be disdained; but there are things which money cannot do. Money can never make up for the loss which we suffer every day through untrained senses and unused faculties. There is no intrinsic quality of "happiness," or even of "pleasure," in the things we acquire by purchase, the happiness and the pleasure are created *within us* and are dependent upon the efficiency of our senses and our mental powers. And these, the true agents of that happiness which so many are always striving to *buy*—these agents lie greatly dormant, unused, unexercised, undeveloped. It has remained for Pelmanism to reclaim them for us, and thereby to add immeasurably to the worth of Life.

THE WORRY HABIT.

There is another very important aspect of "Pelmanism" upon which I may perhaps profitably comment here. I refer to its happy solution of that general problem—the problem of Worry.

I suppose there is no man or woman, however fortunate or however highly placed, but is a sufferer, to a greater or less extent, from Worry. Worry is almost the typical disease of the age we live in, and the war conditions of late years have much intensified it.

People who suffer from Worry are prone to ejaculate, "Oh! I don't want to *remember* things. I want to forget." They are both right and wrong—right, because they need learn how to forget what they desire forgotten; and wrong, because the ability to remember the right sort of things is the only way in which "worries" may be forgotten.

For the mind can never be a blank. Thoughts of some kind *must* occupy it. If we fail to occupy the mind with profitable, agreeable, or stimulating thoughts, then the "mental weeds," which constitute Worry, blow in and take possession—thriving in vigour, as weeds usually do.

It is only by proper mental discipline and control—such as Pelmanism confers—that one can acquire the ability to exclude worrying thoughts from the mind. The un-Pelmanised brain is more or less subject, always, to accidental thoughts: the Pelmanised brain *chooses* its own thoughts. There is a world of difference.

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

The "art of forgetting" must, in fact, be cultivated just as sedulously as the art of remembering, and that is—as Pelmanism teaches—by consciously controlling our association of ideas. Mastery in this one matter, alone would make the Pelman Course of infinite worth to a multitude of men and women.

There are so many things which one would like forgotten—either temporarily or permanently—things which serve no useful purpose by lingering in our minds: petty annoyances, long-past grievances, irritating humiliations, awkward contretemps, minor failures, social

jealousies, ingratitude, mistaken judgment, the loss of some cherished trifle—recollections of these and similar things is simply vexatious. They add nothing to our power, our happiness, our efficiency; but frequently they are largely destructive of all these.

Here, then, is another of the many achievements due to the adoption of Pelman principles—a fairly certain and easy conquest of the Worry habit. I commend the point to the leisured consideration of those who realize the heavy discount which Worry exacts upon the pleasures and happiness of existence. E. A.

THE NAVAL OFFICER AND THE "LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

Just prior to the War, a brilliant young naval officer had a bad breakdown; a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end.

He was ordered an entire and protracted rest—not only from professional duty, but from every form of work. But War broke out, and his services—he was a clever expert—were urgently needed. He rejoined.

Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command *over the heads of senior officers!* He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advantages directly resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

IS "PELMANISM" WORTH WHILE?

Let any man of common sense reflect upon the fact that *nearly one hundred Admirals and Generals,* as well as considerably over 30,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?

The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank —from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come *voluntary* evidence that the Pelman system—duly practised—*never fails to produce all the benefits that are claimed for it.*

An amusing instance of the thoroughness with which scepticism is dispelled by acquaintance with the System is supplied by the record of a professional man who, before enrolling, expressed incredulity of the statements made.

"It was impossible," he said, "that such benefits could be attained by the study of any books or by a correspondence course of instruction. The claims are fantastic." Nevertheless he enrolled, in order to satisfy his curiosity.

Within a month that sceptic had written three letters in terms of the most enthusiastic praise of the Pelman System. "A single one of the lessons," he declared, "would be cheap to me at £100."

ALL CLASSES BENEFIT.

Comment is unnecessary. But it should be pointed out that the benefits of Pelmanism are not confined to any particular class. *Every* class is benefiting.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent. is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results, not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

Members of Parliament (both Houses), peers and peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors, and artists, scientists, professors, and university graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all of these. Even Royalty is represented—and by *several* enrolments!

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

Look where you will, the new movement is permeating every section of the community. The Pelman Institute has become, in effect, a national institution, and there are many who predict that, sooner or later, it must become so in fact.

But State control could add nothing to the efficiency with which the work of the Institute is carried on. The instructional staff includes psychologists of the highest reputation on both sides of the Atlantic: every one of our great Universities is represented thereon. And the organisation of the instructional work is, in itself, a splendid tribute to Pelmanism; for every student receives individual consideration, and his or her problems or difficulties, receive the close attention of a capable, practical psychologist.

All sorts of problems—some of them new and some of them familiar—are being brought every day to the Pelman Institute for advice and help, and it is safe to say that no "Pelmanist" has yet been disappointed in the assistance given.

WOUNDED OFFICERS "PELMANISING."

There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" whilst in hospital; and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a

source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future.

Indeed, quite apart from any other advantage, the course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" fill one with a new sense of power, a new and greater belief in Possibility.

It is not, however, merely a question of financial, business, or professional gain that makes "Pelmanism" so desirable a training. Great as its achievements are in those directions, they are altogether transcended by the extent to which the System enables one to add to the interest and pleasures of existence. Some day, it is to be hoped, an eloquent pen will do justice to this theme—the higher values of Pelmanism.

"PLAYING THE GAME."

Here is a characteristic letter bearing on the point; it was written by a University man now in the Army:

> "The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Testimony of a similar nature comes from a member of the gentler sex:

> "Though leading a busy life, my income is inherited, not earned. My object in studying Pelman methods was not, therefore, in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of fifty, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty.
>
> "I have found the Course not only most interesting in itself, but calculated to give a mental stimulus and keenness and alertness to one's mind, which is just what most people feel the need of at my age."

Letters such as these, no less than those which speak of salaries doubled, positions and promotions gained, or other material advantages, make it clear that *Truth* was well justified in declaring that "the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance"; they also explain why such distinguished public men as Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and others, have not hesitated to endorse the methods and principles of the Institute. There is no man or woman who has expressed dissatisfaction with the result of his or her dealings with the Pelman Institute.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, *gratis and post free,* together with a full reprint of *Truth's* famous Report and a form entitling readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW to the complete Pelman Course *at one-third less than the usual fee,* on application to the Pelman Institute, 181 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46, *Market Street, Melbourne;* 15, *Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*

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